Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. [Vol. I.] NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1886. [No. 20.] Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

THE SAGE'S MEMORIAL.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

BESIDE the Hellespont a banished sage
Felt life fast slipping from his mortal frame;
Around him stood the friends of his calm age,
Wept softly, called him by his honored name.

"What shall we do, O master wise and dear,
When thou art gone among the silent ways—
What shall we do to keep thy memory clear,
What rites decree, what bronze or marble raise?"

His paling lips a faint smile overspread,
His faded eyes shot forth a moment's ray—
"Do naught for me, O friends," the dying said,
"Do naught but give the boys a holiday."

Ah forecast shrewd! Take heed, whoe'er thou be,
Thou to the heart of child and youth find way:
The warrior, statesman, prince, forgot may be,
Not those who "give the boys a holiday."

THE LITTLE MATCH-PEDDLER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY NENA C. THOMAS.

THE first time I saw my little peddler was on a raw day in April. I opened the door in answer to a hesitant rap, and there he stood. His jacket was thin and old, and his bare feet looked red and cold, but his face was bright and hopeful.

"Want to buy some matches to-day?" was the brisk inquiry.

There was something in his face and manner which made me want to know him better, so I assured him I would like to buy, and he came in and took the chair I placed for him before the open grate.

"'Tis kind o' cold to-day," he said, "but I couldn't 'ford to stay at home, 'cause I'm in a hurry for some money."

"Have you sold much to-day?" I asked.

"Done pretty well," he answered, promptly. "Let me see," and he pulled from his pocket a very much worn and soiled account book—evidently his day book and ledger combined. "Let me see! Business aint quite so good as 'twas yesterday, but I've sold four boxes to-day, and if you take one that'll make five, an' I 'most know Miss Andrews 'll buy one, 'cause she used to be my teacher before I got too big to go to school."

"Too big to go to school!" I echoed his words in surprise.

"I am almost nine now," he said, proudly, drawing himself up in his chair, "but I used to go to school when I was a little fellow a long time ago, before ma died. Now I help pop and Kit. You see," he said, confidentially, "pop's away all the time, when he don't cough too bad, peddlin' tin-ware, and Kit aint but twelve years old, so I take care of our baby and help her when I aint peddlin'; but I'm off considerable now. You see, next week's our baby's birthday; he's three years old, but he don't grow very fast. You ought to see him! He's so little and cute! We want to get him some shoes for a birthday present. We're all going to help. Kit's got five cents a woman gave her, and pop put thirty-seven cents more into the box, where we keep it, last night, an' I'm going to get enough more. They cost an awful sight!" he said, anxiously. "Wont he be tickled though! He never had a birthday present before. A long time ago ma gave me one once, an' I've got it now. It's a book, but I can't make out much in it yet. She used to tell Kit an' me stories out of it Sundays, and say verses; there was one about somebody's lovin' little children that I can most remember. When business is duller I'm goin' to study in it. You see, baby aint never had no one to give him presents, 'cause ma died when he was such a little chap."

His face grew sober for a moment, and he drew his rough jacket-sleeve across his eyes, but he brightened up as he began to tell me more about the baby.

"I know I shall get enough 'fore then," he said, hopefully. "You see, pop gives me a cent for my own for every box I sell, an' I put all of that in. You'll find 'em good," he said, as he handed me a box.

I shall never forget the look of surprise and delight that came over his bright face as I told him I knew they would be such good matches that I thought I had better take five boxes. Doubtless he wondered if I were planning for some grand illumination.

"That's nine boxes to-day!" he said, joyfully. "An' if she takes one, that'll be ten. That's ten cents, an' we've got forty-two already, an' that makes fifty-two."

For all his delight there was a look of disappointment on his face, as I handed him a bright quarter, the price of the matches. After fingering it a moment, he said, slowly,

"Had you just as soon give me some pennies or five cents? It always looks like more to Kit, and our baby likes to play with 'em, an' hear 'em jingle."

I gave him twenty-five pennies, which he proudly and carefully tied up in a little bag with the rest of his hard-earned money.

"Jolly!" he said, gleefully. "It's heavy! It's gettin' full, too!"

Then he took out his little account book again, and made a memorandum of his last sale.

"It just fills out that last page," he said, and held up the book for my inspection. "That's my biggest day's work yet," he added, proudly.

"I'm coming to see your baby sometime, if you'll tell me your name and where you live," I said.

"Will you?" he asked, in surprise. "I wish you could see him. He's so cute! I'm Joey Martin, an' we live in that little wood-colored house over at the patch, close by the track."

I tossed a nickel into his basket as he stood with his hand on the door. "That's for the baby," I said, and Joey promptly reached down into his basket and handed me another box of matches.

"And that's for you," he said, archly.

But I refused to take it. "I have all I need," I said, "but I want to give that to you."

"And *I* want to give *this* to *you*," he insisted, still holding out the matches, "or I can't keep the nickel."

For a moment he hesitated, then closed the door. In an instant he opened it again, and a box of matches was thrown in. I looked from the window. He was flying down the street as fast as his feet could carry him over the rough, muddy ground. He was looking back, and a roguish smile was on his face as he caught sight of me. I intended to know more of this bright little waif of humanity, and hardly a night passed but I thought of him as I lit my lamps, and I resolved to go to "the patch" the next day; but, as it so often happens our best intentions are never fulfilled, and I did not see my little match-vender again until all of gusty April and half of May were gone.

Sitting with open doors and windows one day, I looked up from my work as I heard the gate close, and I saw Joey coming up the walk. I was grieved at the change which I perceived in his face. He came soberly up the steps as if the burden of some great responsibility were resting on his young shoulders. He greeted me as if we were old friends, and, after he had sat down, said gravely, as if to give me this piece of news was his chief object in stopping,

"I got 'em—the shoes for our baby, you know. I got enough money, 'cause you helped me so much. Last Monday was his birthday, an' we give 'em to him. They're blue morocco, an' they're so little, but they're big enough for him. You see, he aint never walked much yet. I got seven cents too much, an' I bought him a stick of striped candy, an' that tickled him just as much as the shoes. He's the most gen'rous baby you ever saw. He'd just keep tryin' to make Kit an' me taste of it, so we'd p'tend to. I thought I'd stop an' tell you about it, 'cause you helped so much to get 'em. I'm peddlin' pins an' lamp-wicks now. Ev'ry body had got all the matches they wanted, so I took these. Pop had 'em left when he quit peddlin'. He had to stop, 'cause his cough got so bad. Business is dull just now, but I guess it'll be better next month."

He did not exhibit his stock in trade, and I fancied that a spirit of delicacy made him forbear lest I should think he seemed to count upon a repetition of the patronage which had made him so rich before; but I immediately found the necessity of investing largely in pins and wicks, and he then showed a quiet pleasure in descanting on the excellence of his goods.

"Them's the best pins I know," he said. "That's the reason they cost more, but I don't want you to pay no more. Miss Andrews always buys that kind, an' she says they never bend up. Them broad wicks are splendid too! I sold three of 'em yesterday."

"Are you going to get something more for the baby with your money?" I asked; and his reply was given very gravely,

"Well, I don't know. You see, I get just what we need most now. *My* birthday's this fall, an' Kit an' pop want me to get myself something for a present then."

I felt as if it would be an insult to his noble, manly soul to offer to give him money, so I proposed to buy his whole stock. He looked a little mystified over this proposition, but I explained to him how many pins one always needs, and how fast lamp-wicks burn out, so we closed our bargain, he being the richer by seventy-one cents, the exact amount due him by his own calculation. He trudged down the walk swinging his empty basket with an air of satisfaction.

The next day I left town and did not return until early fall. When nearing home I overheard a conversation between two ladies, which brought to mind my little friend, the match-peddler. Both were workers in a charitable society, and they were considering the best place to bestow a possible sum of money they might receive from a prospective fair and supper.

"I think we had better do something for the poor in our own town," said one, decisively. "There is more suffering at home than we know of. There was that Martin family—if we had only heard of them before. It is a pitiful case. The father died over a week ago of quick consumption, and the next day the youngest child died; he was always sickly, and never a very bright child, I have heard. There were two children left with absolutely nothing. A distant relative has taken the girl, but she would not have the boy too, so they took him to the poor-house. He is an unusually bright, energetic child. They said it was pitiful to separate the two children. Before his sister went away with this relative he said, bravely,

"'Don't feel bad, Kit. You've always got me. It wont be long 'fore I'll come an' take care of you. I'm almost big enough now! Don't feel bad about our baby, Kit. Ma and pop have got him, you know, an' we've got each other.'"

Two days later I drove to the poor-house to see my little match-peddler. He was sitting on the front steps of the gloomy-looking house with a very grave, though not unhappy, look on his face. He smiled shyly at sight of me, and met me at the gate.

"I was 'fraid I shouldn't see you again," he said. "I wanted to tell you that I got pop and our baby some oranges with my money, an' you ought to have seen the baby laugh over 'em."

There was no one in sight in-doors or out, so I sat down on the steps beside him.

"Joey, are you happy here?" I asked. "Are they good to you?"

"Yes, they are good," he said, slowly. "I don't have to work hard. I bring in wood and water and do errands, but I'd rather work hard. It's lonesome. There's a little girl here, not much older'n our baby was, an' I love her. When Kit an' me have a home she's goin' to live with us. I love Gran'ma Smith too. She's been here a great while. She used to live in Knox before all her folks died. She says she's goin' home 'fore long, but she don't mean back to Knox," and he involuntary looked up to the cloudless sky. "I like to live here with her. She tells me the same stories ma did, an' she learned me the verse about the little children again, an' showed me a picture of it in her book—that's a Bible too, but it's bigger'n mine. Yesterday she said she'd read to me 'bout her home she's goin' to, an' I thought that must be a *rich-house*. Us *poor-house* folks would think so."

How pitiful it seemed that in a few days he already thought of himself as one of "us poor-house folks!"

"Then there's Uncle Nat; he just plays marbles and puts blocks together all day. He's eighty years old, an' Granny Hopkins is 'most ninety. I can't sleep when I think 'bout her. Sometimes I see her all night. When you go past her she just grabs hold of you, an' holds on while she says,

> "'I must die—you must die!
> Some'll laugh, an' some'll cry;
> Some'll sing, an' some'll pray,
> On that awful judgment day.'

"She shakes all the time, an' looks right at you."

Before Joey could tell me of the other inmates of the house a silver-haired old lady came to the door, and I knew that she must be "Gran'ma Smith." One could easily see that her presence must have done much to make the child's life endurable here.

I thought of a place in the country where was just the niche Joey was needed to fill, and I formed a plan which I meant to execute not many days later.

He looked at me wistfully as I rose to go, and walked with me down to the gate, holding his little *protégée*, Maggie, by the hand.

"Joey, when is your birthday?" I asked, suddenly.

"Next Saturday," he said, wonderingly.

Nine days for me to mature my plan, and ample time.

"Well, Joey, I'm coming to see you again on your birthday, and I shall not tell you what I'm going to bring with me, but you must promise to take it. And you must not look so sober next time. Play out in the yard all you can. Joey, are you sick?" I asked, for something in his face made me feel that he was not so well or happy as he tried to appear.

"O no," he said, cheerfully. "I feel sometimes like I

used to after a long day's work, when business was dull, an' folks wouldn't buy. It used to seem good to rest."

I drove away, thinking what a rest he should have in that pleasant country home. The next week, Saturday, I went again to the poor-house. I had expected to find my little peddler watching anxiously for my coming; but no one was in sight, except Grandma Smith and little Maggie, sitting on the steps. I had told the old lady, on my previous visit, of my plans for Joey, and as soon as I drew near, before I could ask for him, she said in her calm, gentle voice,

"We wont none of us ever need to feel bad about Joey ag'in. Don't you fret—them's the words he said to tell you, an' not feel bad 'cause he didn't have the things you was a-goin' to bring; an' give 'em to Maggie, he said. He wa'n't sick to speak of, until day afore yest'day, an' he died last night. 'I don't feel bad,' he said, 'just kind o' tired, as pop did.' I told him what you was a-goin' to do for him, an' you ought to 'a' seen his face! 'Twas like a light from heaven shone on it—he was so near in then; an' the very last thing he talked about, when he was kind o' wanderin', was about how he was a-goin' to work for Kit."

And so my little match-peddler rested after his short day's work, and went away from the poor-house to spend his birth-day in his "rich-house," not made with hands.

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH PROSE.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

The sea-rovers who swept down on Britain and conquered it and took it to themselves were pagans, and the names of the days of the week recall to us the names of the gods they worshiped. Sunday and Monday were named after the sun and the moon; Tuesday after the dark god Tiw, whose presence was death; Wednesday after Woden, the god of war; Thursday after Thor, the god of air, storm, and rain; Friday after the goddess Freya, the consort of Woden; and Saturday after Soetere, the water-god.

Christianity had been introduced into the island before the invasions of the English, but it was not until a century and a half had passed that they embraced this faith. Augustine had come among them, a missionary from Rome, bearing a silver cross with a picture of Christ, and chanting a litany. So much had he heard of their fierceness that he was filled with fear, but they had become more peaceful now, and were ready for conversion, and they listened to his preaching with reverence and attention.

When he closed a chief arose in the assembly and spoke thus:

"You remember, it may be, O king, that which sometimes happens in winter when you are seated at table with your earls and thanes. Your fire is lighted, and your hall warmed, and without are rain and snow and storm. Then comes a swallow flying across the hall; he enters by one door, and leaves by another. The brief moment while he is within is pleasant to him; he feels not rain nor cheerless winter weather; but the moment is brief—the bird flies away in the twinkling of an eye, and he passes from winter to winter. Such, methinks, is the life of man on earth, compared with the uncertain time beyond. It appears for a while; but what is the time which comes after—the time which was before? We know not. If, then, this new doctrine may teach us somewhat of greater certainty, it were well that we should regard it."

Christianity spread rapidly after this, and with it came learning, and with learning came literature. Cædmon was the inmate of a religious house, and as the poetical literature of the country began with him, so with a monk at Jarrow began the prose literature of England.

This was Bede, or, as he is sometimes called, the Venerable Bede. His life was of uncommon beauty and usefulness. It was spent entirely in the monastery, and was wholly devoted to learning and teaching. All that there was to be learned he acquired, and before his death he had written forty-five works. Science, music, rhetoric, medicine, mathematics, astronomy, and physics were among his studies, and it is claimed for him that, besides being the first of English scholars, the first of English theologians, and the first of English historians, he was the first of English scientists. His principal work was an "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," and it is from this we derive our knowledge of all that happened during the century and a half which followed the introduction of Christianity.

The story of his death is very touching. He was old and ill, but up to the last he insisted on having his scholars around him. They begged him to rest with tears in their eyes, but, though too feeble to stand, he would go on, simply saying to them,

"Learn with what speed you may, for I know not how long I may last."

He was translating with them the gospel of St. John, and, after a sleepless night, when death was close upon him, he again called them around him and bade them write.

The work went on, and late in the day one of the scholars said,

"There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master."

"Write quickly," the master replied, dictating the words.

Soon afterward the scholar cried,

"It is finished now."

"You speak truth," the dying man gasped, "all is finished now."

They laid him on the pavement with his face turned toward the spot on which he was wont to pray, and with a hymn to the glory of God on his lips he passed away.

The books of Bede were written in Latin, and only the educated classes could use them. The task of translating them into the English tongue and making them and other works accessible to the mass of the people was undertaken more than a century later by King Alfred, who is sometimes spoken of as the true father of English prose.

He was born in 849 and he died in 901, having reigned from 871 till his death. In his youth he excelled in field sports, and the vigor which distinguished him then was applied later in life to promoting the welfare of his people.

England has never had a more unselfish ruler than Alfred, nor one more thoughtful of the responsibilities of his high office. The country had been invaded by the Danes, and the lamp of knowledge lit by Bede had been extinguished in the fray. As soon as Alfred had subdued these foes, he set about re-establishing the schools, and he gave his personal attention to one of them which he founded for the young nobles of his court. His ambition was not for the glory of conquest, nor for the pomp of sovereignty, but for peace and learning. Yet when it was necessary this king who was so fond of books could wield a sword with valor, and he took part in fifty-six battles on sea and land.

At one time the Danes threatened to overwhelm him, and he was driven with his forces into the center of a bog in Somersetshire.

Finding about two acres of firm ground, he built a fortress there and called it Athelney, or the Isle of Nobles, and thence he made frequent sallies upon his enemies, who did not venture to follow him over the treacherous morass when he retired. The success of these attacks led him to contemplate more important victories, and, as his soldiers were not in a mood to bear up under defeat, he resolved to find out for himself the strength of the Danes before he again engaged them in battle. Disguised as a harper, or gleeman, he entered their camp unsuspected, and he so entertained them by his songs and his stories that they made much of him, and even introduced him to their leader. He saw how secure they felt and how confident they were that his own forces had been crippled, and when he had discovered all the weak points in their position he slipped off to his own camp.

Secretly sending word to those of his subjects who were

not with him, he added as many as possible to his forces, and without any warning attacked the Danes in their most unguarded quarter. They were completely surprised, and, panic-stricken by the appearance of Alfred at the head of an army which they believed they had crushed, they made scarcely any resistance, notwithstanding their superiority of numbers, and were soon put to flight with great slaughter. They did not recover from this defeat, and Alfred was left free to carry out his plans for the enlightenment and improvement of his subjects.

He did more than restore the schools and libraries which the Danes had destroyed. He established a form of compulsory education by which all freeholders of land were required to send their children to school; he encouraged science and home manufactures; he humanized the laws; he sent explorers into little-known countries and seas, and, above all, the treasures of learning which in Bede's time had been locked up in the monasteries under the seal of a foreign tongue were translated into English under his direction and put within the reach of the mass of the people.

As soon as he had sheathed his sword he took up the pen, proving himself no less able with that than with the hilted weapon; and though he invited celebrated scholars from France to help him, he also made use of native students in carrying on his work. He encouraged learning among the humblest of his subjects, and it is said that Denewulf, the Bishop of Winchester, was a swine-herd when Alfred met him, and struck with the quickness of his wit took him home and educated him.

Though a king he was a man of the people, and when one day, during his concealment at Athelney, he sought the shelter of a peasant's hut and was bidden by the good wife to watch some cakes which were baking before the fire, he accepted the task, bearing in silence the scolding she gave him when he let them burn.

He did not merely direct and patronize other scholars. He himself was one of the most industrious of authors and translators, and he turned into English Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," the "Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius (the Roman statesman and philosopher), the "Universal History" of Orosius (a Spanish writer who flourished in the early part of the fifth century), and the "Pastoral Rule" of Pope Gregory. He also translated many popular hand-books, and during his reign the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which until then had been nothing more than a list of names and dates, was raised to the dignity of a national history. This work is of the highest value, and the chapters on Alfred's wars with the Danes, which may have been written by the king himself, is probably the oldest piece of historical prose in the English language.

It is plain enough that he could not have accomplished all the work he did without system, and it is said that he usually divided his time into three equal portions: one was employed in sleeping, eating, and exercising; another in the dispatch of business, and a third in study and devotion. Watches and clocks, and even the sun-dial, had not been invented then, and in order to measure his time Alfred made use of burning tapers fixed in lanterns.

Let us now look back a little way to the poets who followed Cædmon. The greatest of these was Cynewulf, a monk of Winchester, and another was Aldhelm, who, though a dignitary of the Church, was not above assuming the character of a ballad-singer and singing to the crowd in the street. He interwove religious instruction with his week-day songs and attracted an audience which, perhaps, would not have been willing to listen to hymns and psalms alone. Among Cynewulf's works are the "Wanderer" and "The Wife's Complaint." Another poem attributed to him is the "Sea-farer," of which Stopford Brooke says, "It breathes the fascination for the sea which filled the veins of our forefathers, and which is strangely re-echoed, even to the very note of Cynewulf's song, in Tennyson's 'Sailor Boy.'"

What has come down to us of these and other English poets is probably very incomplete, and it is preserved chiefly in two books named after the places in which they are kept—"The Exeter Book," which was presented to the library of his cathedral by Leofric, Bishop of Exeter, between 1046 and 1073, and "The Vercelli Book," which was discovered in a monastery at Vercelli, Italy, in 1823; altogether there are only about thirty thousand lines of this early poetry.

But when we again visit any great library of English literature, and look along the shelves loaded with the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Swift, Defoe, Steele, Addison, Fielding, Sterne, Hume, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson, we should remember that the beginning was with Cædmon singing his heaven-taught song on the windy cliff at Whitby, with the well-beloved Bede in his monastery at Jarrow, and with Alfred the scholar-king at Winchester.

O, PAUSE and hear the Father say
His angels are your guides to-day!

While worlds in matchless order move,
Ye shall not slip from sovereign love;

For He who bids the planets sweep,
Cares for the tiniest babe asleep.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE KOREAN CAPITAL.

ALONG a broad, straight street, unpaved but hard, lined on either side with open huts in which cheap goods of various sorts were exposed for sale, and thronged with Koreans, nearly all of whom wore the peculiar hat and long blue cotton robe, and inspected the strangers with the liveliest curiosity, the Japanese led the way for about half a mile. Then he turned suddenly to the left, into a narrow street, the sides of which, instead of sidewalks, were provided with open drains, emitting a stench which "smelled to heaven." Rex contracted his nostrils, but in vain. A dense dust was stirred up by their passage, which evidently would become the dirtiest kind of mud when sufficient rain fell.

The houses were all one storied, the bases made of stones tied together with straw ropes, and the interstices filled with mortar. The superstructure was usually of mud, with a thatched or tiled roof. Rex noticed that in the interiors the passage-ways and cooking-room had no floor but the bare ground, and that the rooms finished off with a raised mud floor on the side had scarcely any furniture but a straw mat. There were so many turnings, and the narrow streets seemed so labyrinthine, that Rex began to fear that they would never reach their destination, when suddenly the chair-coolies halted, the chaplain got out, and the Japanese led the way, through a gate set in a high wall, into a spacious court-yard. Rex dismounted and followed.

"This is Dr. Allen's compound," said the chaplain, "and that must be the doctor himself."

A gentleman in European dress came to meet them. He was tall, and Rex noticed that he had a light complexion and blue eyes. He introduced himself, and gave his visitor a cordial greeting.

"Hotel!" he said, in reply to some remark made by the chaplain; "there is no foreign hotel in Seoul; and do you think you would be treating your own countryman kindly to

deprive him of your company, even if there were. Come in! I am only sorry that I cannot keep you. But the minister insists upon your making your head-quarters at the legation with him and Mrs. F——. You must dine with us, however, to-night, and spend as much of your time as you can with us."

He took them into a pleasant room, neatly furnished with home comforts, and introduced them to his wife, a petite, low-voiced woman, whose face said more than her tongue. Rex excused himself for a few moments, and went out to attend to the baggage.

When he returned Mrs. Allen showed him to a room where he could have the refreshment of water, towels, and brushes, after his dusty ride. She lingered for a moment as she told him to make himself at home. There was something about the lad, so erect, so manly—he was evidently so genuine and so sweet—that she could not help being drawn toward him. But she said nothing. The boy, however, caught her look of sympathy as she went away, and returned it.

Rex tried to excuse himself from sitting at the table with the family at dinner—his ship habits, with its rigid castes, made him shy—but they laughed at his excuses. The chaplain told his host about the lunch at the half-way house, and what resources had been secreted in the basket.

"I don't believe we got to the bottom of that basket after all," he declared. "Now own up, Ransom, did we?"

Rex had to confess that he had a can of orange marmalade and a jar of pickles which he had not produced, besides some more chicken and eggs.

"There! didn't I tell you?" said the chaplain, gleefully.

Mrs. Allen perceived that the conversation was getting too personal for the boy's comfort, and changed the subject. He was having a pleasant chat with her aside when something that Dr. Allen was saying to the chaplain attracted his attention.

"No, sir; there's not a single temple in this great city. The Buddhists were driven out long ago, and their lands confiscated."

The chaplain seemed to be greatly surprised.

"Do you know of such a state of things anywhere else in the world?" he asked—"a city of this size without temple or shrine?"

"I do not. Perhaps I ought to mention that there is a pretty marble pagoda, near the center of the city, about thirty feet high, but it is completely hemmed in with buildings—occupies a corner of a dirty back yard, in fact—and is never, of course, resorted to for worship. Even in the country region, Buddhism seems to be practically dead. The temples outside the city are used more for picnic parties than any thing else."

"A nation careless of its fanes is usually careless of its faith," the chaplain commented. "But is there no religion here at all?" he asked.

"O, the ruling classes profess to be Confucianists or Buddhists, and the people cling to Shintoism or local superstitions."

Rex was a good listener, and he heard a good many interesting things at the table that night—among other things, that there was an American farm a short distance from the city, where American seed and implements, brought from the United States by the Korean embassy, were used, and with results that surpassed expectation; that the principal object of interest in the city to visitors was the new palace, which was not at present occupied by the king; that among the most singular sights on the streets were the mourners, dressed in creamy-white sackcloth and enormous straw hats, and carrying small hand-screens to shade their faces, their mourning to continue for three years in case of the loss of a parent, during which they must do no business, and must not be interrupted or spoken to on the streets; that young married or marriageable women were kept in the strictest seclusion, and were rarely seen; that the older women had a short, stout, "Dutchy" look, and wore short-waisted dresses, and over their shoulders a loose short bodice or cape; sometimes they wore long green outside mantles which they pulled over their heads when strangers passed them.

As to curios, there was not much to interest foreigners; there were iron tobacco boxes inlaid with silver; screens, or curtains, of fine bamboo; horse-hair cuffs; fans folding or plain, the latter with the Korean national device upon it in green and red; silver coins (not now in currency); various articles made of soapstone; cabinets; mats; tiger skins, etc.

"There are but few nice things now, I understand," said the doctor. "This is a country of 'squeezes.' The king 'squeezes' the officials, and the officials 'squeeze' the king. And both together have 'squeezed' the people so unmercifully for centuries past that there is no life or ambition left in them. If an artisan does a piece of good work a mandarin will put his own price upon it and carry it away. Of course, artisans learn the lesson and do cheap work only. There is no lack of inventive genius here. The choicest styles of Japanese pottery are of Korean origin. I have heard of a Korean who saw a steam-engine in Nagasaki, and went to work and built one himself, and made it go, too. I am told, also, that at one time, when the Japs were making mischief, a Korean genius invented an iron-clad—a regular turtle-back—and cleaned the Jap fleet out with it."

"It is strange that the government does not see the logical results of its policy," the chaplain said, musingly.

"Yes, it *is* strange, but selfishness never sees any thing but what it wants now. Any marked prosperity here in the case of one of the people is apt to prove fatal to him. Some false charge is trumped up, and off goes his head. His property is seized, and his family and friends are sold into serfdom."

"Then decapitation is common here?"

"Unhappily, yes. When the old Tai-wen-kun held the reins, during the minority of his son, the present king, it is estimated that a hundred thousand heads were struck off. On the last Chinese New Year's day thirty heads were cut off, and eighteen more poor fellows will soon lose their caputs for trying to counterfeit the coin."

"What! that wretched stuff they call 'cash?'"

"Yes, that's the only coin they have here."

"You must find it very lonely here," Rex said to Mrs. Allen, as they rose from the table.

"I have my husband and my child," she said, significantly. "For 'society,' as it is called, I care but little. Still there are one or two ladies in the legations whom I see almost every day. If we were not hindered in the work for which we came here, I should be quite content."

"Then you are not allowed to teach?"

"No, no direct missionary work is permitted yet. But Providence will open the way. We are waiting."

Toward dusk they went over to the U. S. Legation, not very far away. The compound was an extensive one, laid out in terraces, turfed, and strongly walled in. It contained sixteen one-story houses, of a few rooms each: eight of these were occupied by the family. Gen. F—— welcomed them with a stately but genuine courtesy, and introduced them to his wife—a tall, handsome lady. The Secretary of Legation was also presented, and a naval attache, an intelligent young officer, familiar with the Japanese language, and rapidly acquiring Korean. They were led into a spacious room, the walls of which were decorated with frescoes (the work of a painter sent up from a man-of-war). The floor was laid in hard cement and covered with oiled paper. Several finely-woven Korean straw mats, and some magnificent specimens of tiger skins filled the places of rugs.

The minister expressed his gratification at seeing the chaplain, and hoped that he and his "young friend," as he called our hero, would do him the honor to accept the hospitality of the legation, which, though limited, was most cordially proffered. The chaplain replied in grateful words. His valise was taken by a servant to be carried to the three-room guest-house near by. Rex excused himself and went out at the same time. As he did so, he heard the young naval officer also excuse himself, and say to the minister that he would start on his expedition the next morning if there were no objections. The minister said "Certainly," but Rex noticed that there came over his fine face a look of apprehension.

It was quite dark outside, but the servant had a Japanese lantern and led the way. They went to the little house where they were to stay. Rex looked round with great pleasure upon the neat home comforts provided. He got the servant, who knew a little English, to go back with him to Dr. Allen's and get his own package of clothing. After he had returned, and arranged things for the night, and closed the paper slides which occupied the place of windows, and the outside shutters, he went out into the compound. Some Korean soldiers which the king had sent as a guard of honor for the legation, were quartered in a side building just inside the gate, but the court-yard was large enough to walk in without interfering with them, and the lad longed for an opportunity to collect his thoughts, and realize his surroundings.

He had been walking but a short time, when a tiny light approached, exhaling the faint odor of a cigarette. The young naval officer was taking a quiet evening smoke. He spoke pleasantly to Rex when he saw who it was, and they fell into a chat together, pacing up and down. He pointed out some lights on a high hill at the south which he told Rex were the beacon lights for the four provinces lying in the directions of the four cardinal points from the capital. They indicated that every thing was going on well, no danger approaching. A low, deep, booming sound attracted the youth's attention.

"That's the Seoul curfew," said the officer. "It is rung at 8:30 in the evening, and the people are required to go home and stay there till the next morning."

Rex inquired whether there was any danger in traveling through the country.

"The minister thinks so," said the officer, "and I suppose he's right. Though for all that, I'm going on a long trip tomorrow. You see," he continued, puffing his cigarette and lighting a fresh one, "the country is unsettled. It is threatened from without, and torn asunder within. There are two parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals. The Conservatives hate foreigners. They are in power now. But the Liberals, some of whom are fresh from America, are crazy to introduce reforms. The king at heart sides with them. Prince Min, who was in the recent embassy, and was supposed to be liberal and progressive, has been showing signs of wavering, and his party suspect him of treachery. I suppose there will be trouble before long. Things look squally."

"Of course," he added, "the great outside foe that Korea has to fear is Russia. She is crowding down from the north. She has no port here in the Pacific that is free from ice in the winter, and Korea would give her just what she wants. China, too, fears Russia, and especially fears having her within pistol shot of Peking, as she would be if she gobbled up this peninsula. Japan, too, fears Russia, and does not care to have her too close a neighbor. Then Japan, too, is jealous of China's pretensions to Korea. The Chinese and Japanese legations each keep a large force of soldiers here—ostensibly to protect their own people of course; but a collision may occur at any time, and when it begins it's hard to tell how it will end."

"Do you think there would be any danger to Americans here?" Rex asked.

"No, I hope not, and yet one can't tell. The Koreans believe in the Americans and distrust every body else. General F— is in high favor with the king. I think the Allens, however, are risking a good deal in staying here. Still, should there be a row his professional services might be called for, and might prove a stepping-stone to some useful post for his missionary work."

In going back to his room Rex, who was not looking before him, blundered against an upright object, which turned out to be a chimney, built up from the ground.

The officer laughed. "You don't understand our style here, I see," he said. "The rooms we live in are really ovens. They have flues underneath which are stuffed with cord-wood and straw in the winter, and the vent for the smoke conducts to a chimney like this."

"I noticed holes in the sides of the houses I passed," said Rex, "and didn't know what they meant."

"Yes, and you doubtless also noticed that the stones all around the holes were smoked."

Rex turned in early and slept soundly. Early the next morning he was awakened by the singing of birds in the trees of the compound. There was nothing but this and the shrill sound of children's voices in a Korean school near by—all learning their lessons aloud and shouting them discordantly in Eastern fashion—to break the Sabbath-like stillness of the place. The hum of a great city was wanting. Rex jumped up, opened the paper slides and outside shutters, and took in deep draughts of the fresh air. The servant had some water heating over an *hibache* near the door, and when he saw Rex, hastened to make for him a cup of tea.

After breakfast the chaplain and Rex accepted an invitation from Dr. Allen to go around the city. They declined chairs, preferring to stroll about. Passing through some narrow streets they reached one of the main thoroughfares, and in a few moments arrived at the Bell Kiosk. They looked in and saw the bell, which was suspended a short distance above the ground and was about seven feet high. They saw also the wooden bar with which it is struck. The square near this bell is supposed to be nearly in the center of the city. Four broad streets radiate from it. To the north the palaces and public buildings are situated.

The doctor led the way toward one of the palaces—the latest built and finest of all, but not now occupied by the king, the principal building having been destroyed by fire. The approach to it is noble indeed—a long, broad avenue, with tigers carved in stone on either side. The walls are high and massive, and are built of cut granite. Inside they found a series of spacious court-yards, each with its strong gate and temple-shaped house built over it. Several buildings were scattered around on either side of the broad central walk.

"Why, this is the Versailles of Korea!" said the chaplain, enthusiastically.

"Yes, you are right," said the doctor; "but the building of it so impoverished the people that it is not considered good policy to rebuild the main edifice. The palace now occupied by the king is a shabby affair compared with this."

"Just imagine all these gates wide open and a great procession moving up from the entrance!" said Rex.

"I do not know of a capital in the world—our own excepted, perhaps—that can offer a finer opportunity for the parade you suggest," the chaplain replied.

Off at one side they found a summer palace surrounded by a moat or lake filled with lotus. The foundation was of stone, and the lower story was open, consisting merely of forty-eight granite monoliths of large size, supporting a wooden superstructure about one hundred feet by sixty in dimensions.

Rex was delighted with the throne room, or audience chamber. This was a tall building standing by itself, the roof supported by lofty wooden columns shaped like a ship's masts, and painted red. The ceiling overhead was paneled in squares and decorated in various colors. Over the platform on which the throne or seat was placed was a canopy, and two dragons painted with remarkable skill. The whole effect was Oriental, strange, striking.

"This is about as fine, in its way, as any thing in Venice," the chaplain remarked.

Back of the buildings a fine park extended almost to the base of the mountains.

"What a pity that such magnificent grounds should be abandoned!" Rex exclaimed.

"It's a greater pity that they were ever taken in the first place and inclosed," the doctor replied.

The chaplain was busy with European reminiscences. "This palace impresses me as being fully as splendid, and quite as melancholy, as the remains of the old seraglio in Constantinople."

As they came out of the grounds a Korean official on horseback, bedecked with chains and ornaments of amber and followed by numerous attendants, passed them.

"That's the man," said Dr. Allen, "who tore up the Bible."

"How was that!" the chaplain asked.

"A copy of the Bible was sent to the king a few years ago, and it was referred to the Foreign Office to decide whether it was a proper present for the king to receive. That gentleman settled the question and closed all discussion by seizing the book and ripping it in pieces."

Later on in the day they saw some wonderful skill shown in archery—the bull's-eye of a target being repeatedly hit at a distance of at least two hundred yards. Rex wanted to try one of the bows; but the archers explained to him by signs that there was danger of the bow turning or twisting suddenly in his hands to the great peril of dislocating his shoulder, unless he understood how to use it.

The week passed without especial incident, and the chaplain and Rex returned to the ship greatly refreshed and instructed by their experiences. One of the bloodiest pages in Korean history, however, was turned a few weeks after; but of this we have not space to write.

[*To be continued.*]

AN AMATEUR ENGINEER.

"WELL, you fellows have been candid enough in telling jokes on yourselves, and it's no more than fair that I should give you an experience of mine," said Fred to the group of young men gathered about the open fire in his college room.

The listeners with a chorus, "Sail in, old man," settled back in their chairs, and Fred began:

"One dark evening in October I was traveling in company with two young ladies, on a wretched little single-tracked railway in southern Pennsylvania. We had been spending the day with friends some thirty miles from Hull, whither we were returning at the time I have mentioned.

"Our progress was slow, as may be imagined, and, other topics of conversation failing, I lavished my wit and sarcasm upon the railway, its management, and its officers. I told my apparently appreciative companions how as a mere boy I had gained the favor of engineers, how I had learned to fire, and warming to my work I discoursed knowingly of throttles, gauges, levers—in short, I gave them to understand that George Stevenson had a merely chronological advantage over me.

"Time passed more rapidly, and, already freed from the fetters of fact, I had recounted an experience of my own, in which I ran a train some twenty miles in as many minutes, when an engineer had been disabled by an attack of paralysis. My listeners regarded me with open-eyed wonder, and I was as happy as a man can be who has told a remarkable personal experience, the truth of which is not likely to undergo careful investigation.

"Just as I finished my thrilling narrative, and was girding up my imagination to go it one better, a quiet-looking man who had been sitting opposite us rose and passed into the next car.

"'That's the president of the road,' remarked one of the young ladies.

"'Poor man,' said I, 'he has my sympathy;' and then I launched off into a description of how, on a certain occasion, I performed some outrageously improbable evolutions with a seventy-ton freighter.

"My story came to an end, and I was looking around for the fragments of a conscience, when the train made an unusually protracted stop. At last the conductor entered the car and announced that the engineer being under the influence of liquor, and the fireman a green hand, it would be considered a favor if any gentleman who understood an engineer's duties would volunteer to take the train into Hull.

"'O Mr. Colby! what a chance for you!' exclaimed the young ladies.

"Yes, it was a chance for me, but I knew my chance was nothing compared with the passengers' chances if I took the lever. However, I did not have the courage to back down, and as no one else offered to assume the responsibility, I was compelled to put a bold face upon it, and signify my willingness to serve the interests of the road and passengers.

"I left the car and was escorted to the locomotive cab, which was occupied by the most vacuous-looking specimen of a fireman I ever saw.

"I took the engineer's seat. My knowledge of a locomotive was of a vague, general nature, founded on particular ignorance. I got the bearings of one or two simple appliances, and waited for the starting signal. It soon came, and my hand grasped the 'throttle,' which should be opened gently and carefully (I've learned that since). The locomotive gave a fearful snort, and started like a shot. I thought I had pulled out all the couplings, but they held, and I calmed the engine the best I could.

"On we went at what seemed to me a fearful pace. (I was assured afterward that I made about ten miles an hour, but I would have sworn that it was sixty.) I shall not describe the tortures of the next half-hour. I ran past stations, and had to back up. The idiotic fireman talked about 'special trains,' and 'wild cats,' until my hair stood upright and the cold perspiration poured from my face. At last a crisis came; as we were running along a comparatively level stretch I suddenly bethought myself of the water in the boiler. I looked at the gauge. It was empty! I had but one thought—escape. An explosion might come at any moment. I reversed the engine, and applied the air-brake with full fire. They said it almost telescoped the train. I shouted to the fireman to jump, and was just taking to the ditch when I was seized in a powerful grasp.

"'Look here, kid, I reckon you've had enough. Nuthin's the matter, they're just puttin' up a job on you. You set there.' I 'set.'

"The pseudo-fireman released the brakes, and started the engine again with a warning whistle.

"'Ye see,' he continued, 'old Jameson, the president, come to me and said he wanted to take the starch outen a young fellow what he'd send up. I jest turned that water-gauge off to skeer you. Great guns, but it done it! I reckon you must 'a' throwed them passengers in a heap. Jim, the fireman, he's in the smoker.'

"I saw it all. And this was the result of trying to amuse a couple of young ladies on a tiresome ride.

"There was a certain little transfer of coin, with a token for 'Jim in the smoker.' The rest of the run went well enough, and when we reached Hull I met my friends coming toward the engine with the president. I was introduced to him. He thanked me with too much effusion, I thought, for my services.

"I was reserved. I felt just then the evil of too much talking. I noticed the same bad habit in all my acquaintances for some days. They talked too much, and all about the same subject. This is the piece of humble pie which I contribute to the evening's festivity."

"And a very generous piece it is," was the general verdict.

SPREADING THE GOSPEL.

AT a recent meeting of the managers of the American Bible Society, several stories were told showing the difficulties which are encountered by Bible distributers or colporteurs in Moslem and Roman Catholic countries.

Twice in the month of September, 1885, a colporteur was arrested in the streets of Constantinople and the Bibles which he carried were taken from him by the Turkish police.

One of the board reported that last July the government authorities of a Brazilian town endeavored to assassinate an agent of the society. He escaped from them, but they broke into his house, dragged into the street a box of Bibles, broke it open by throwing heavy stones upon it, and burned the Bibles, closing the affair with a display of fire-works in honor of their achievement.

Another member said that a Mexican colporteur in August last nar-

rowly escaped death at the hands of the Apache Indians. Some peddlers traveling a little in advance of him were attacked, and one was killed. The carts and contents, some of which were the colporteur's Bibles, were set on fire, but relief opportunely arrived and part of the Bibles were saved.

HE'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY.

PEOPLE as they grow older naturally look back with pleasure upon their earlier days, and often no doubt wish that they might be young again, but it is seldom that a man expresses a desire to go back so far in his history or make such radical changes in his destiny as the private in the following anecdote from the Chicago "Inter-Ocean:"

During the recent encampment of the Grand Army at Mexico, Mo., a group around one of the numerous camp-fires were relating incidents of bravery and cowardice shown in battle, and this is one of them:

"It was at the battle of Gettysburg," said the speaker, "when the bullets were falling like hail, and the shells were shrieking and bursting over our heads in a way to make the bravest heart tremble, a private dropped out of the ranks and skulked back to the rear. He was well under way when, unfortunately for him, he was met by General Slocum coming to the front.

"'What are you doing here? Get back to your post,' the general shouted.

"The poor fellow stopped still and trembled like a leaf, but made no reply.

"'Get back to your post, you miserable coward; aren't you ashamed of yourself to be skulking back here when you should be in the front with your brave comrades?'

"Still the man made no reply, but commenced to cry like a year-old infant.

"'You infamous, sneaking coward,' shouted the infuriated general, 'get back to your post; I'll ride you down like a dog. Why, you are nothing but a baby.'

"'I-I-I'll t-t-t-tell you what, g-g-general,' said the blubbering fellow, 'I'd g-g-g-give any thing just n-n-now if I was a b-b-baby, and i-i-if I had my ch-ch-choice I'd r-r-rather be a female b-b-b-baby.'"

THE PURITANS.

THE early settlers of Massachusetts have been so long the subject of newspaper wit that it is refreshing to hear their virtues defended by so eloquent a champion as the Rev. Dr. Paxton, of New York, who spoke as follows at the late Forefathers' Day celebration in that city:

Well, he was not pleasant to live with, this old Puritan, from our point of view. Our tastes do not run in his direction nowadays. We go with the Cavaliers in taste; but our principles are still with the Roundheads and old-fashioned men of God. We like pleasure, but we reverence virtue. We are fond of a good fellow, but we admire and esteem only the strong man—the heroic soul—the servant of duty and God. And we cannot get on long in this world without him. Without an occasional uprising of the Puritan to set things right society would not hold together, but would rot in incurable selfishness and sensuality and fall to pieces.

Gentlemen, this world, with all its heroism and splendor and sublimation of daring and deed, achievement and character, has never surpassed and rarely equaled the genuine old Puritan in his staff and story. At a feast, on pleasure bent, we do not care to have his company. When we exalt expediency over conviction and kotow to a king to keep a living, or crook the hinges of our knees that thrift may follow fawning, then again we have no use for the Puritan. When the rights of man, the charter of liberty, the free conscience, are attacked and threatened with overthrow, and all men of honor and pride and liberty-loving souls are hurrying with muskets to Lexington, then if we keep quiet—with Falstaff discretion is the better part of valor—then if we read and declare any man to be a fool who dies for any crown, then we had better move away from Massachusetts, for we and the Puritans will not get on together. But if a State is to be founded, a society organized, a battle fought against Xerxes or the devil, then we want a Puritan, a man of iron and blood, who has abandoned the flesh, whose soul has no room in it except for the idea of God and conscience, who is strong in duty, who enthrones worship on the domestic hearth, truth before the tribunals, honesty in the counting-house, labor in the workshop, and puts conscience and truth into every thing he does.

KIDNAPPED.

HERETOFORE the making of snow-balls has not been considered a dangerous pastime, but out in the western country where every thing is "big," including too often the stories imported for the eastern market, an incident has been reported which throws new light on this important subject. The "Marysville Appeal" is responsible for the following:

A man from Miller, Cal., has an eight-year-old son named Peter. Some four or five inches of new, soft snow had accumulated on the ground, and little Pete proceeded to make a snow man out of the first snow of the season. As evening approached the little fellow was missed and search was instituted. Leading from the steep slope of the mountain was the track of a huge snow-ball, gradually increasing in width. On following the trail over the brow of the slope and at a point where it pitched directly into the deep cañon, they found the huge ball resting in the soft boughs of a recently fallen tree. A faint voice was heard calling "Mamma." The parents found the little fellow almost completely enveloped in the snow-ball, with only a breathing hole left to mark the spot where he was entombed. The parents had a hard time in freeing their little one, but the task was finally accomplished, and they breathed much easier on finding that he was but little the worse for his perilous journey. He said in attempting to stop the ball from rolling it knocked him down, ran over and picked him up, and it was all he could do to fight the snow from his face as the ball rolled on. Had the tree not stopped the ball, the boy must have been dashed to pieces in the cañon below.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST VERSES.

IT is always a source of satisfaction and encouragement to those who are entering upon any calling to feel that the successful men beyond them knew what it was to make a humble beginning. Some young poet who tremblingly awaits the coming of the local newspaper to see "if it's there," may be glad to read this extract from a biography of the poet Longfellow, soon to be published:

The boy's first printed verses were to him, at least, of vast interest. He recalled, in after years, the trembling and misgiving of heart with which he ran down to Mr. Shirley's printing office at the foot of Exchange Street, and cautiously slipped his manuscript into the letter-box. The evening before the publication of the paper—it was a semi-weekly—he went again, and stood shivering in the November air, casting many a glance at the windows, as they trembled with the jar of the ink balls and the press—afraid to venture in. No one but his sister, the receiver of all his confidences, had been let into his secret; and she shared with him the excited expectation with which the appearance of the paper was looked for the next morning. We may imagine the impatience with which they watched the unfolding of the damp sheet in their father's methodical hands, and the rising vapor as he held it before the wood fire to dry. Slowly he read the paper, and said nothing—perhaps saw nothing—of the verses, and the children kept their secret. But when they could get the paper—the poem was there! Inexpressible was the boy's delight, and innumerable the times he read and re-read his performance, each time with increasing satisfaction. In the evening he went to visit at the house of Judge Mellen, his father's friend, whose son Frederic was his own intimate. In the circle gathered about the fire, the talk turned upon poetry. The Judge took up the morning's "Gazette:" "Did you see the piece in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it." The boy's heart shrunk within him and he would gladly have sunk through the floor. He got out of the house as soon as possible, without betraying himself. Shall we blame him that there were tears on his pillow that night? It was his first encounter with "the critic," from whom he was destined to hear much, not always complimentary, and of whom he had more than once something not very complimentary to say.

ELIZABETH MOUAT.

THE strange adventure of Elizabeth Mouat has made her name famous in England. She is the old woman who set sail from the Shetland Islands in a fishing smack, the whole crew of which consisted of the captain and one sailor. They encountered heavy weather and the two men abandoned the little vessel, leaving their passenger sick below in the cabin. For days the poor woman drifted before the gale, and her bark was finally cast upon the Norway coast, and she escaped with her life. To reach the shore the vessel passed without a helmsman through the only opening which occurs for miles in the reefs which line the coast. According to a correspondent of the "London Standard," the old woman has had a strange experience:

Elizabeth Mouat lived on the western part of the Shetland Isle, and was called the Witch of Dunrossness, owing to the prevailing superstition that "she couldna be kilt." Some years ago a cart passed over her foot, which permanently injured it, and made her a cripple. On one occasion her head appearing above the rising ground was taken for a rabbit and fired into, the shots being still in her head. Then she was nearly drowned on a previous occasion. Now she has been drifting about for nine days and nights in maddening solitude, half drowned, wholly starved, quenching her thirst by licking the drops of water condensed on the glass of the ports; living, yet dying, and to the last placing her trust in God. This "poor body," whose faith is so perfect, has spent her life in a miserable hut, the typical crofter's dwelling—a place not fit for cattle. She is expected soon to arrive at Lerwick, via Leith, thence to find her way back to her home amid the solitude of the hills, where the peat fire burns in the middle of the mud floor, and the smoke makes an uneasy exit through stray holes in the roof. In this dismal abode she has maintained a lofty independence, being able to provide her "puckle meal" and cup of tea by assiduously knitting Shetland wool shawls, and ever placing her trust in the Lord. The one book which she knows is the Bible, and the one living presence is the Lord's.

THE JOURNALIST.

Vol. I. NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1886. No. 1.

The Journalist.

A PAPER PUBLISHED TO FOSTER A GOOD JOURNALISTIC STYLE AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.

Edited by readers of OUR YOUTH.

Notices.

The editors announced in this number hold their positions for this issue only, and must compete again to retain their places.

Contributions rejected for one number of THE JOURNALIST will not be published in another.

Contributions must be written on only one side of the paper.

Rejected manuscript will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps for that purpose.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1886.

[*Entered in* OUR YOUTH *for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

Editorial.

THROUGH the friendly agency of the editors of OUR YOUTH, THE JOURNALIST makes its appearance. Its object is "to give practice in writing a pure journalistic style." No one can question the value of such a medium, since the need of such a style at this time is but too apparent. The one element of purity of matter is woefully violated by the widest circulating journals of our country. It is difficult to pick up a newspaper untainted with this vice. THE JOURNALIST aims to build up a pure taste as regards choice of matter in those who enter its arena. A man likes his dish of news served up in a clear, direct, yet pleasing style. A paragraph detailing a really small matter with a lavish use of words, that often descends into what is rightly called "cheap talk," is what the reader never wants. Simplicity is a silver quality in a writer, and but few have it, not because it is hard to acquire, but because a florid and wordy style is glittering and tempting to amateurs. We aim at the acquirement of a simple, straightforward style.

These, then, are the objects of the JOURNALIST. To business now!

Editorial Comment.

OUR present naval outlook is promising. The Naval Committee of the House has promised us two men-of-war, three cruisers, four torpedo-boats, and one immense torpedo cruiser. This provision will be hailed with a unanimous approval throughout the country, and especially on the Pacific coast, which lies open to the bombardment of Chinese war-ships should an attempt be made to resent our late treatment to the Orientals.

THE latest case of supposed political corruption is that of Alderman Jaehne. We must either infer from this that the people of New York do not use their voting power intelligently, or else the office was secured by irregular means. It would seem that the people of the great metropolis would profit by the continuous frauds that are committed within its borders and enforce more stringent laws for the benefit of its office-holders.

THE prayer of the chaplain in the House one week ago Saturday has caused considerable comment in the papers throughout the nation. "The Sun" especially criticises it severely, on the ground of its being given as a political motive. Further it says that no man would dare utter such bold words except with his eyes closed. The present chaplain has an enviable reputation as a Christian man, and we think it quite doubtful if he would barter his reputation for political purposes.

THE loss of the *Oregon*, which has vibrated from one end of the continent to the other, cannot pass out of notice in a few days. Not long ago the whole nation was startled by the loss of the *Florida* and all the passengers, after which the traveling public demanded every precaution that could be had for the protection of life and property. Again has the accident been repeated, but this time providentially without the loss of life; but over two millions of property was sunk in the watery deep.

THE subject of alien landlordism is the principal subject under discussion in the western papers. Statistics show that thirty million acres are owned by aliens, or an equivalent to the State of Ohio. This is in direct opposition to the "Homestead Act," which reserves the land for actual settlers, and conflicts with the laws of free government.

E. L. W.

What a Boy Can Do.

BY F. D. B.

I.

SEE them rushing out of school,
Free from books and teacher's rule;
Hear them each their playmates call,
Some to marbles, some to ball;
Many a sport they have in view,
But what *great* things can they do?

II.

Let a boy but speak the truth,
Blessed is his stainless youth;
Let him work—the best he can—
He will grow into a MAN;
Not a vane by breezes whirled,
But a leader in the world.

How Tom was Cured.

BY M. I. C.

TOM did not like to work. What to do with him was a hard question for father and mother to solve.

He was generally known as "Lazy Tom," and surely the name was a just one, for Tom would not work if he could possibly help it.

One day his father asked him to hoe some corn, as it was necessary for him to go to the village.

As soon as Tom saw his father was fully out of sight he dropped his hoe, and speedily sought refuge from the hot sun in the shade of a neighboring tree, and soon fell asleep. The hours passed quickly and Tom did not awake. His mother went out to call him to dinner, hoping to see him busy at his work.

"Tom!" she called, but just then she espied him under the tree.

"Thomas!"

"Wh-at?"

"Come, Tom, I want you to come and—"

"O dear, can't somebody else do it?" he whined, half awake.

"O yes," his mother replied, as she turned and hurried back to the house, leaving Tom very much amazed, thinking his mother in extremely good humor to-day. But presently he was fast asleep again.

The dinner-table was cleared away, and the afternoon was passing when Tom awoke from his dream (in which he had lived in a land where no one had to work) to find he was in this same world very hungry.

He quickly made his way to the house, but found no dinner waiting for him. On making inquiries he learned that some one else had eaten it for him, as his mother said, "You asked if somebody else could not do it for you."

At supper he was not called, and as he came in his father told him, "You are not needed to-night, as we have decided to do your work for you."

Next morning he was ready for breakfast, with his work done before any one else, and never again was he heard to say, "Can't somebody else do it?"

This is the way Tom was cured.

Strikes and the Knights of Labor.

BY H. C. P.

THE strike is the most forceful argument against aggressive capital.

It is sometimes necessary and sometimes not. If made with inadequate reason and extravagant demands, it should fail.

But if beneficial to the parties wronged, and not injurious to the interest of those disinterested, it deserves the support of all fair-minded men.

Any organization which compels its members to remain idle, simply to show its own strength, exercises the worst kind of tyranny.

The theory of the trades-union is admirable. Its practice, however, often betrays lack of judgment and discretion. It aims to advance the interests and maintain intelligence among our wage-workers. This necessarily includes their families.

"In union there is strength." Labor has the same right to combine forces as capital. Indeed, "more sacred are the rights of man than the rights of property."

Legitimate improvement in intellect and finance is the motive.

The strike should be the last resort, an incidental means to accomplish the end, after all other pacific measures have failed.

History teaches that a republic cannot exist save with an intelligent body politic. With the advantages of increased wages accruing to the benefit of education through the agency of the union, the laborer can solve a problem that has puzzled many a scholar.

Literary Notes.

REVIEW OF OUR YOUTH.

OUR YOUTH is a new periodical for young people, published by Phillips & Hunt, New York. The typographical "make-up" is all that could be desired. The editor is Dr. J. H. Vincent, whose name in itself is a guarantee of the character and future of the paper. The editorial work is carefully done, the departments are full and interesting, and the articles are bright and sparkling. A healthful moral tone pervades its columns, making it an elevating and most desirable addition to the literature for youth, and the paper is one which should find a place in every Christian home.

W. W. R.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

UP THE ST. JOHN'S.

[*Special to the Journalist.*]

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., April 1.—There are several lines of steamers that run up the St. John's River from Jacksonville to Sanford at the head of navigation. My companion and I took a steamer called the *Chesapeake*, that started at half past three in the afternoon. The river at Jacksonville is so broad that it looks almost like a lake. As we went up the river we passed many orange-groves. These groves are set in rows with perfect regularity, and the trees are trimmed to the same shape and height, which gives them rather a stiff appearance. But the glossy, light green leaves and showy fruit are very attractive to a stranger, especially when they are loaded with blossoms as well as fruit. As we steamed along we saw many beautiful places, among which was Magnolia, the winter home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The home itself is a pretty cottage; but you get only a glimpse of it among the live oaks and magnolia trees which are around it.

Several large lumber mills along the river were burned during the war, and the ruins can still be seen. The most interesting part of the river is above Palatka, where it becomes so narrow that the smoke-stacks of the boat often carried away bunches of gray moss. The channel is very crooked, and the boat is constantly changing its course. The river seems to run nearly all the way through a swamp, where we saw both white and blue herons standing in the tall grass, and many strange birds flying about. The cypress trees, the magnolias, and the tall cabbage palmettos give a strange appearance to the shores. We had the satisfaction of seeing a big alligator who was taking a nap on the shore and tumbled hastily into the water as the boat came nearer. At Sanford the river widens again into a broad lake, but beyond that point it is not navigable. Our steamer stopped at Sanford, where we took the train for Winter Park, a beautiful place about ten miles from Sanford.

G. A. M.

Jest.

—Baby was sent to a neighbor's to find her brother. Presently she returned without him, and said,

"He wasn't there, there wasn't any body there, on'y some men peelin' sheep."

—Papa—"Josie, you must not ask for potatoes again. I will wait on you when I am ready."

Josie (after waiting till all the rest are served and papa has forgotten him)—"Papa, I fank you for some salt."

Papa—"What do you want with salt?"

Josie—"I want it to eat on yat 'tato you're doin' to div' me!"

—"Mamma, when was I born?" asked our seven-year-old.

"In 1879. Can you remember that?"

"No," she said, then added: "Yes, I can remember the date, but I can't remember what I did then!"

—Smith had made a bad bargain, and now thinks it would have been ten dollars in his pocket if he had never been born.

M. P. N.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

A HUMAN soul is in many ways like the world it lives in. Day and night, summer and winter, follow each other. There are storms within just as there are storms without. One wonders at one time that it could ever have been otherwise with him than it is now—so dark, so desolate, so hopeless; and he wonders if it can ever be otherwise again. So completely do moods master men, and cause them to forget and despair. But some morning the sun rises and the clouds are gone, and there is once more a song of joy in the soul. Then one begins to wonder how he could ever get into the glooms, and is sure that he has had his last touch of despondency.

THERE are spells of the same sort in the region of moral consciousness—weakenings, half-surrenders to the baser things of life, temporary abandonments of conscience and of courageous purpose when a young man almost crosses the line between the true and the false, the life of virtue and the life of sin, and almost gives himself up to what he knows to be evil. Every life passes through such testings. They are fearful ordeals. They are furnaces in which the gold is proved and the dross cast out or consumed. Life is terrible because of these things, but it is impossible without them. No soul can escape the trial. No father's care, no mother's tenderness, no amount of foresight, no teacher's skill, no churchly intervention can prevent the crises in life when temptation enters the innermost soul, and heaven and hell await the decision of destiny.

WE have seen Mason, our young friend, in just such a storm of trial. It was a storm indeed—a meeting of thunder-clouds, the descent of a water-spout, the combined sweep of tidal wave and tornado. No doubt that some of our readers have watched eagerly for the result in Mason's case. They ask what we now propose to tell: How the storm ended; what became of the boat and its precious freight; whether it went to the bottom or sailed safely into port. His father's firmness excited our anxiety. Such tenacity may prove disastrous. Why did not Mason's father yield a little? Why did he not concede to the boy's whim at least to a slight degree, and allow him a few of the gratifications he coveted? Why not let him play cards now and then at home? Why not permit him to go occasionally to the theater? Why not justify a glass of wine at dinner in really first-class society? Policy certainly would be better than such uncompromising severity!

WHILE Mason sat in his discouraged and desponding mood, young Aaron Atterwood called, and wanted to chat with him. He "preferred to walk," he said, and therefore declined an invitation to sit down. All that the two said on their stroll we cannot report. Very naturally Mason recounted his most recent struggle, his "protest against the rigidity of home-rule," his desire to "know more of the world," and to be "like other fellows." Very naturally—indeed, *very* naturally, as will appear when all is known—Aaron Atterwood sympathized fully with Mason in his manly ambition, and his righteous resistance to what Aaron called "an unjustifiable interference with a fellow's independence." There was much warmth in Aaron's manner, and a touch of greatness, generosity, and freedom which quite captivated Mason, who wished for the moment that he dare break loose from "domestic oppression," to use another of Aaron's felicitous expressions, and "live a little on his own hook." A peculiar light in Aaron's eye, and a not very agreeable whiff from his breath, made Mason look more closely at his young companion, and started a suspicion which was corroborated by the urgent invitation at the door of a fashionable gin-shop to Mason to go in and take a drink. The invitation was declined with positiveness, and in somewhat of a resentful tone; and, after a short apology from Aaron, they two went on.

THE conversation continued, and contained so many revelations to Mason of the wonderful things a fellow finds out when he goes into the world, that he became intensely interested. He asked questions and elicited replies that more and more startled him. Incidently Aaron told a story, made up in part of his own exploits in the city, and filled with things said to him and in his hearing, all so full of ribaldry and filth that Mason felt the blood rushing into his face, and burning as if he were looking into the open door of a fiery furnace. Aaron detected the sensitive shrinking of his innocent companion, and hurriedly changed the subject, while, to keep up the tone of protest against "the puritanic administration of these fanatical homes," he pictured in glowing terms the blessedness of "emancipation," and the joy of the "free and easy society of this world," the splendor of the theater, the fun of the card-table, the excitement of games of chance, and the "lots of money" a fellow could make by the nice little games if he only went into things like the "regular man of the world who knows a trick or two." All this was told in an enthusiastic way—too much so for Mason, who began to see two sides of the subject.

ALL at once Aaron turned on Mason with the question: "Do you think you could loan me or get for me fifty dollars? I am in a tight place, and if I don't get it by to-morrow, I am —well, I must get it or be disgraced." This new turn to the conversation opened Mason's eyes. His surprise, his utter disappointment, his indignation, all combined to raise the lion in him, and in a manly way he faced Aaron and gave him such a lecture as one boy rarely gives another—as Mason himself could not have given six hours before. The manner of Mason thoroughly surprised Aaron, who had imagined the home-governed and "oppressed" country boy an easy prey; and he in turn made surrender, and like a whipped spaniel cried before his superior. He poured out a torrent of humiliating confessions, pleaded for financial help to save him from the threat of a companion in crime whom he had defrauded, and expressed regrets of the bitterest sort that he had ever fallen into such habits and such company. The conversation after that was short and mutually embarrassing. Mason wanted to exhort Aaron to a better life. But he was not good at exhortation. He made an awkward attempt. The poor culprit made most humiliating acknowledgments, and left Mason at

the next corner. Mason wanted to help Aaron out of his scrape, but could not. He wanted to give him some good advice, but dared not. He felt little like preaching to any body. It was too recently that he tried to take a train on the very road that had carried Aaron to possible ruin, and he thought it would be hypocrisy for him so soon to begin a crusade against folly and sin that still rested heavily on his own soul. He resolved to try in some way to help his old playmate out of the trouble he had fallen into, or at least out of the course of life which had caused the trouble.

To his mother that evening Mason said: "Father is right. I intend to follow his advice. I do not want to be a fool, mother, but I do once in awhile come very near it. I am going to stand by father after this."

That night Mason's mother told his father what the boy had said. He made no reply, but she knew that the report brought tears of thanksgiving, and she heard a low prayer: "God keep and bless my boy."

On page 313 our readers will find the first number of **The Journalist**, a paper made up entirely of contributions from subscribers. We received more than one hundred articles, and if any one is disappointed at not finding his name in the list of editors let him remember that he is one of a large company.

Owing to the uncertainty as to the success of the enterprise we did not fix a date after which manuscript could not be accepted, and a number of contributions came too late for the competition.

If we are able to judge correctly, the writers who competed this time differed greatly in age. The manifest injustice of this fact we shall avoid by an arrangement the full particulars of which will be described in the *School at Home* next week. At that time we shall make careful and definite announcements for the second number.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

Lesson for April 25, 1886. Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1–18. Golden Text.—John 3. 7.

Prefatory. The wonderful Rabbi is in the city of rabbis, the city of prophets, the city of kings—himself Rabbi of rabbis, Prophet of prophets, King of kings. Common people hear him gladly. Even rulers of the Jews respect him. They wonder at what they hear reported concerning him. They are afraid to commit themselves to his support, and they are afraid of him. One ruler goes for a private interview at night. The new Rabbi has more leisure then and the seclusion is more perfect. Nicodemus is conservative and cautious. The interview is important—especially to Nicodemus. Rabbi Jesus of Nazareth does not talk to the ruler about the external evidences of the Messiahship. He abruptly avoids that topic and goes to the root of his mission. It was a strange conference by the dim light in that Jerusalem chamber that night when the representative of Moses and the prophets of the Old Testament and the traditions met the representative of the new dispensation, the as yet unwritten gospels and epistles, the Holy Spirit and the heavenly kingdom.

Interrogatory.—What did Pharisees believe? What was a "ruler of the Jews?" Why did Nicodemus come at night? Give the ruler's argument in the first sentence of the recorded conversation? Why did not Jesus give direct answer to the remark and argument of Nicodemus? Think of all possible answers to the question, *What is the kingdom of God?* How is one to enter the kingdom of God? (See ver. 5, and explain it.) Collect all the allusions in the lesson to the "Son," "Son of man," and "Son of God." What do you find in the lesson that could possibly apply to you—your needs, hopes, possibilities, and destinies?

Homily. Jesus talked about things inward, personal, and spiritual when Nicodemus wanted to talk about things outward and general. The Jewish ruler was after signs and proofs; the Heavenly Teacher was after life and root and personal character. As Luther puts it, Jesus did not talk "of doing and leaving undone, but of a change in the man; so that it is not new works done, but a new man to do them." (Luther quoted by Alford.) Nicodemus wanted to talk to Jesus about Jesus. Jesus talked to Nicodemus about Nicodemus. He talked mystery to a man who needed to understand it—the mystery of a new life, a life of love and spiritual insight. The "new birth" is at the root of all real religion. It is a change in quality of character so radical that it is like a new beginning and a new being—with new views, new feelings, new resolves, new hopes, new joys, new tastes, new motives, new loves, new habits. It is a change wrought in the soul, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly, sometimes in childhood, sometimes in middle life, sometimes in old age—but it is a wonderful change, like that of a sunrise after a night of darkness, a quieting of the sea after a tempest, the growth of grass and flowers and the green of young wheat on a patch of desert where no life had been seen before. It is indeed like "a new birth." Jesus came to promise it. He came to produce it. He died to make birth unto "life" possible. It is a glorious possibility. It is taking a drop of water and filling it with sunlight and then crystallizing it in its glory forever. It is taking plain charcoal and touching it by that mystic process which no man can understand, and transforming it into a diamond.

Prayer.—Thou Teacher come from God! We would be born into Thy kingdom—the kingdom of the Spirit, the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of eternal life, the kingdom of salvation! We come to Thee. We seek the breath of the Spirit. We would know the things of the Spirit. We do believe in Thee, the only begotten Son of God; and to Thee we render thanks and surrender our souls forever. Amen.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That the term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

Summing Up—Affirmative.

The affirmative side in this argument have based their arguments upon the following propositions:

First. In order to do the most effective work the pastor must become thoroughly acquainted with the needs of his people. This, it is claimed, is an impossibility under the present order of things.

Second. A pastor cannot be expected to take the same interest in his work that he would feel were he to see the results of his labor through a considerable term of years.

Third. The frequent changing, and the campaign work connected with securing a new minister, have a harmful influence on the spiritual life of the churches.

Fourth. The position of the church among the other congregations of the community would be strengthened were it possible for a minister to become a more permanent resident.

Fifth. The pastor in three years cannot become the confidential friend of the congregation, as it is so desirable that he should be, and as he might become were his stay longer.

Sixth. The children of Methodist Episcopal pastors are deprived of many advantages of education, on account of the frequent changes of schools and seminaries.

For these reasons it seems wise, from our point of view, to change the limit of the itinerancy to six years, during which time much that is impossible now might be accomplished. C. A. D.

Negative.

Eight debaters oppose the proposed extension of the term of the itinerancy on the ground that the present system is a success.

Under the three years' rule the Methodist Episcopal Church has increased in numbers, wealth, and power of doing good more rapidly than her sister denominations. Moreover, the three-year limit gives to each church a variety of good ministers, while opening to the minister a broad field in which to glean that experience of human nature which is essential to a successful pastorate. No minister pleases every one, and frequent changes reduce to a minimum the friction arising from this circumstance, by tending to satisfy all classes in the parish. In other denominations where the itinerancy is not practiced at all, the succession of pastors is quite as frequent as in the Methodist Church, and is often accompanied by outbreaks of ill-feeling which seriously impair the usefulness of the organization. The argument that the minister cannot come into sympathy with his people in three years is fanciful, for the members of our Church are proverbially warm-hearted and easy of access, while there are many instances of revivals following the appearance of a new man in the pulpit and class-room.

When such benefits have accrued from the time-honored system, why make a change which the history of other Churches shows to be at least dangerous!

Next Subject.

Resolved, That boycotting is justifiable.

Affirmative arguments should be sent to Our Youth, *Plainfield, N. J., before April 17 or 24; negative before May 1 or 8, 1886.*

Our Youth for April 24 will appear in an illuminated cover, and will be filled with Easter reading, including poems by R. W. Gilder and Mary D. Brine and a charming story by Anna F. Burnham.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

An Illinois pastor asks us five questions, to which we give reply as follows:

1. "*Is there any initiation fee in the Oxford League?*" Answer: There is no initiation fee required at the Central Office in New York. If a local League may need funds, it has authority to name a sum to be required of each member. The smaller this sum is, the better.

2. "*Are the public usually admitted to the meetings?*" Answer: This must be determined by the members themselves. Some meetings may be public and some private.

3. "*Can members of other Churches become members?*" Answer: The Oxford League is a Methodist Episcopal organization, designed to promote a knowledge of our own Church and to increase its efficiency. Representatives of other Churches, fully informed as to the objects of the League and desiring to attend, should not be excluded. They should never be invited. Methodist Episcopalians are not proselyters.

4. "*Are there any examinations of the studies, and if so by whom conducted?*" Answer: Not unless the local League should decide to offer prizes for the best oral or written examinations on the required readings.

5. "*Are the meetings usually held in the church?*" Answer: Yes. It will be a good thing to have a room fitted up in the church—one of the class-rooms—and call it "The Oxford Hall." Pictures, books, and papers may here be collected. A sort of historical library of Methodism may thus be formed.

Now if our brother from Illinois will read "The Oxford League" department in Our Youth from Number 1 to the present number he will find a great deal of useful information about the whole work proposed by this new organization. We send him a copy of the Oxford League circular by post, and will be glad to do the same for all ministers and other persons who write to know what the Oxford League is, what it aims at, and how it works. Address Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, N. Y., or Cranston & Stowe, Chicago, Ill., and Cincinnati, O.

Rev. J. E. Williams, *Hornellsville, N. Y.*, reports a flourishing Oxford League of more than sixty members, organized last fall, which has passed through the allotted work. He writes: "It is a great inspiration along many lines. The most popular class in our Oxford League is the 'Charcoal Free-hand Drawing Class.' It is composed of persons from the ages of eight to fifty. There are forty in the class. They draw from the models entirely, and the eagerness and relish for this work which they have is very refreshing. The 'Class in Literature' is also a great success. This is not so largely attended as the Free-hand Drawing Class; but a very pleasant and interested company is present every evening. The class that is the largest is the 'Sunday Evening Class-meeting.' The average has been, since October last, 125. This greatly assists us in the public service. We have had 24 additions to our Church this winter with no extra meetings. Pray tell me where we could have had extra meetings? Oxford League Literary Circle, Monday evening; Teachers' Meeting, Tuesday evening; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening; Oxford League Free-hand Drawing, Thursday evening; general class-meeting, Friday evening; Oxford League Class-meeting, Sunday evening. This has been my regular work since the second week in October last.

"And now, Dr. Vincent, you must see and know for much of this hard work you are to blame. If you go on inaugurating new schemes and forcing them upon us, you must, out of pure kindness and mercy, extend the week two days and four nights at least."

Here is a beautiful hymn for boys. It is called the "Boys' Hymn," and may be sung to any tune appropriate to "Just as I am."

"Just as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore to thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearest still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

Rev. T. P. Marsh, pastor of the *South Evanston* (*Ill.*) Methodist Episcopal Church, reports March 29, "At our Church to-day we launched the Oxford League. Much enthusiasm."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

There are two pairs of words closely allied to each other in meaning, yet differing enough to make it a serious blunder to confuse them. These are *lie* and *lay*, *sit* and *set*. The first word of each pair is intransitive and the second transitive. That is, *lie* and *sit* express an act or state merely, while *lay* and *set* convey the idea of putting something into the state indicated by the intransitive form. An intransitive verb has no object upon which action is exerted, a transitive verb has such an object. For example, "I *lie* down," but "I *lay* myself down." "I *sit* upon the chair," but "I *set* the coffee-cup upon the table."

To confuse these words is almost as offensive and quite as unpardonable as to use *learn* for *teach*. It is a sign of either gross carelessness or real ignorance, and for any of our readers who may from either of these causes have fallen into this mistake, let this paragraph be at once a reminder and a source of enlightenment. The following sentences illustrate the wrong uses of these words:

"I *laid* down for a little rest."

"*Lie* down your hat, and come in. *Set* right down now and tell me about it."

There are other words used almost as frequently as those we have mentioned, which are often wrongly used in the same way, as *fell* and *fall*, *raise* and *rise*.

We *fell* a tree, and the tree *falls*, but in lumbering districts at least we often hear the expression, "We've been *falling* trees all day."

We *rise* in the morning, and *raise* the window. Many a time have we heard a person say, "I *raised* up in bed and listened," when he should have said, "I raised myself," or "I rose."

Yeast *raises* the bread, the bread *rises*.

One of the most frequent mistakes in regard to *sit* and *set* is the use of *set* as applied to a coat or any other article of wearing apparel. A coat is said to *set* well, when *sit* is the word to be employed. A man *sets* a time for trying on his coat to see whether it *sits* well.

These distinctions, together with many others to which we have from time to time directed attention, are essential, and must be carefully made by all who aim to be masters of English. It is absurd for people to build a lofty structure of beautiful figures, high-sounding words, and glittering phrases on a sandy soil of loose and careless usage. Have a firm and sure foundation for your rhetoric, in clear insight, careful practice, and conscientious study.

We repeat the warning we have given so often. Do not be shoddy. Do not use long words and attractive figures, and delude yourself with the idea that you are an accomplished rhetorician, when you confuse *lie* and *lay*, and cannot see any difference between *luxurious* and *luxuriant*, or between *continual* and *continuous*.

Southernisms.

Last week we gave a few peculiarities of the Yankee dialect, and in this number we quote from an article by S. Pardee in "Dixie," to show some of the language-habits of the Southerners:

The purpose of this paper is to present in a succinct way a few of the quaintnesses of pronunciation and construction held to by the Southern people as a class. Among these the first that comes to mind is the custom of omitting the last two letters of such words as "more," "store," "four"—which are pronounced "mo," "sto," and "fo." "What o'clock is it?" you ask the Carolinian, and ten to one he tells you it is "half pas' fo'," if that happen to be the hour.

Another common Southernism is the use of "like as if," or "like" for the words "as if." "She looked like she knew me" is a common expression, or "she looked like as if she'd die." This is very common in Washington, and in all the States south of Mason and Dixon's line.

If you happen to hear any body say "*rye cheer*" you may know it is intended to mean "right here." For instance: A South Carolinian will say, "Where was he *at* last night?" and his fellow-citizen will say, "He stayed rye cheer with me." *Djear*—pronounced in one syllable—is not a Russian word, as might be supposed; it means "Do you hear?" and is usually addressed to servants in this form: "*You*, Jim! bring in that wood, *djear?*"

"To get to go," is essentially a Georgia expression. They say: "Do, don't fail to come to-night," and the reply is, "I've tried *to get to go* three weeks, now, so *I reckon* I'll be there t'night." The expression "Do don't" is heard in Georgia and South Carolina, but rarely elsewhere. One of the most laughable things you ever heard is the peculiar pronunciation of the word "*about*." It is impossible to express the South Carolinian's pronunciation phonetically. It sounds like *abaout*—pronounced very quickly in three syllables. "Quare" for "queer," is another word. The use of "reckon" for "presume" is said to have been derived from the Yankees, as was the expression "right smart" for the word "much."

Low-country people and the residents of middle South Carolina say "*gee-arden*" for "garden," "*gee-yard*" for "guard," with the hard sound of "g." So, too, with such words as "card," "car," and "cart," into which is introduced the sound of "*kee*," to take the place of the first consonant, thus: "*Kee-ard*," "*kee-ar*," "*kee-art*."

The use of delightful for delicious in such a sentence as: "The ice cream is delightful," is very common. "Pretty" is a word very often misused, for instance: "Isn't this a *pretty* day?"—and this error is a very general one. North Carolinians say the scenery is "pretty"—meaning picturesque; the day is "pretty"—meaning fine; and that a person's manners are "pretty"—meaning well-bred.

"*You all*, or, as it should be abbreviated, "*y'all*," is one of the most ridiculous of all the Southernisms I can call to mind. It usually means two or more persons, but is sometimes used when only one person is meant. For instance, a caller, on taking her departure, says: "Y'all must come to see us." She means the lady upon whom she is calling and her husband may call.

Familiar Quotations.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."—*Thomas Campbell.*

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."—*Samuel Johnson.*

RECREATION.

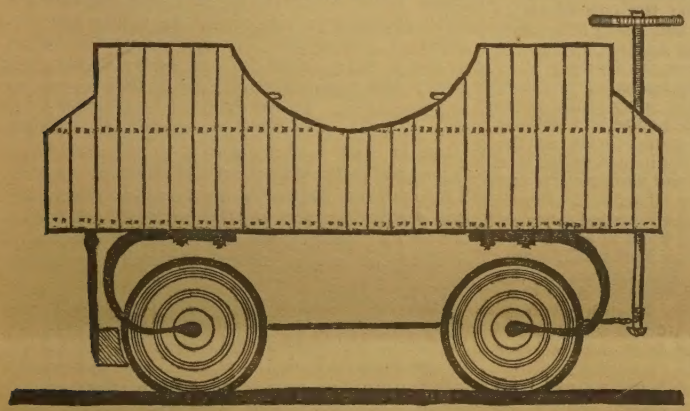
[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

A Narrow-gauge Railroad.—No. III.

The last we knew of the "Enfield Narrow-gauge Railroad," the track had been laid and the directors were anxiously awaiting the completion of the car, which, as we have said, was being built in a carriage shop near the railroad.

Suppose we follow the boys' example and go over to the shop where the distracted blacksmith is putting on the finishing touches, screwing nuts firmly into place, filing the wheel bearings, and doing countless other things which seemed quite unnecessary to the inexperienced railroad officials who want to "get the thing on the track."

From the following cut we can get an idea of how the car was made:



The body is 5 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. There are two seats facing each other, and the regular carrying capacity of the car is limited to four persons. The wheels are miniature car-wheels firmly fastened to steel axles. The springs are of double steel straps, bolted to the bottom of the car, and curving under it. The ends of the springs are made into small axle boxes which contain brass "journals." Into these "journals" the projecting ends of the axles are fitted, and when the bearings are well oiled the wheels turn easily, while the springs reduce greatly the jarring which results from the wheels running rapidly over the irregularities of the iron rails.

The brake is a simple appliance. A bar of wood is suspended from the bottom of the car, and to this bar pieces of rubber are fastened opposite the flanges of the wheels. A rod and chain connect this bar with the spindle of the brake wheel. When this wheel is turned the chain is wound around the spindle, and the bar and pieces of rubber held more and more firmly against the wheels until the latter are brought to a standstill and the car stopped.

At last the blacksmith heaves a sigh of relief, as deep-drawn as the breath of his bellows, and tells the expectant boys to "let her slide." The car is quickly but carefully rolled across the street, trundled along the side-walk, and turned into the empty lot, where it is soon placed on the rails at one end of the track.

After a lavish oiling the car is slowly started along the track on its trial trip. A few places are found where an ominous squeaking tells the superintendent that the gauge is too narrow. These defects are remedied, and all is ready for a quick trip. The president takes the brake, and three others take their places in the car. The superintendent and a stout, sound-winded companion put themselves behind the car, and as the president says "all aboard" they grasp the back-board, and bend to their work. The car begins to fly along the track faster and faster, until about two thirds of the way is passed, when the locomotives let go and the car is left to itself and the brake. The president thinking that some time is needed to stop the car, puts the brake on full, whereupon the baffled train jumps the track with a delightful enthusiasm, and spills its passengers like any other well-regulated express.

Experience soon corrected blunders of this kind, and many a day of fun did the directors of the E. N. G. R. R. (enviously called the No Good Road by non-stockholders) enjoy. Time and space are lacking now to tell of the tickets that were printed, and perpetually punched, of the little station that was built, of the telegraph line, and of the side-track and switches which were gradually added. At some future time we may describe these later features of the "Enfield Narrow-gauge Road."

Tennis.

Now that it is time to get the tennis courts in order and begin the season of out-door play, we want to enter a strong plea in favor of this old game (for in one form or another tennis dates back possibly to classical times).

In a couple of weeks we shall give a diagram of a tennis court, and for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the game we shall describe the manner of playing it, while for the old players we hope to have a hint now and then on some of the finer points of the game.

We would urge the young ladies to take up tennis, patiently, attentively, enthusiastically. Have comfortable tennis suits made, young ladies, and try for a time to escape the fetters of fashion in healthful and exhilarating exercise. We strongly advise the formation of tennis clubs where it is possible. The clubs can secure tennis courts and provide a pleasant combination of social enjoyment and athletic exercise.

Tennis is a game that requires quick judgment and well-trained muscles; it necessitates activity and watchfulness, and it provides the best of out-door exercise. We hope that many of our readers will handle the "racquet" this season, that they will "serve" swiftly, "drive" hard, "cut" successfully, and win many a "love" game. Are these mysterious terms to some of our readers? Old players will appreciate our good wishes, and the novices will soon learn to understand these words.

The Oxford-Cambridge Race.

Two weeks ago a visitor in London might have seen one of the most exciting contests of the English season. The rival universities of Oxford and Cambridge put their eight-oared crews upon the Thames for the great annual boat-race. This event is always attended with considerable excitement. The partisans of each university turn out in large numbers, wearing the colors of their favorite institution.

The crews consist of eight men and a steersman, or cockswain. The boats in which they row are very narrow, and in length sometimes exceed fifty feet. Each man pulls one oar, which is about nine feet long. The last man in the boat is called the "stroke," and the rest of the crew have to keep time with him. The course over which the race is rowed is four miles and two furlongs long, and the race is usually won in about twenty minutes.

In this country we have a similar contest between Yale and Harvard, on the Thames River at New London, Conn. The time made in this latter race is not quite so fast as the English, but the Oxford-Cambridge race is rowed just after flood tide and the crews are aided considerably by the current, so it is not fair to say that the English crews are superior to our American college eights, simply from this apparent difference in time.

The race two weeks ago to-day was won by Cambridge in about twenty-two minutes, after a close and exciting contest.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Cold plates on the breakfast table are inexcusable. They spoil meat and potatoes that go on them. They chill the soul of the guest. They indicate such utter carelessness in cook, table-girl, and housekeeper. It doesn't cost any thing to warm the plates just before breakfast.

Hans Wolff hangs his coat and overcoat in the kitchen where the smoke of buckwheat cakes thoroughly permeates every thing. Old buckwheat cake smoke is worse than *sauerkraut*. Every body knows it but Hans. Poor Hans!

Dishonorable policy adopted by railroad and other corporations may justly enrage industrious and honest mechanics and other laborers; but when these working-men attempt to wreak their revenge on the people at large, and make the innocent suffer equally atrocious wrongs, they adopt a policy as dishonest and contemptible as it is unwise. The place to defeat corporations that deserve defeat is at the ballot-box.

"The Children's Industrial Exhibition" under the auspices of the "Industrial Education Association" was held from March 31st to April 6th, 1886, at Cosmopolitan Hall, New York. It was a brilliant success, gratifying its projector, Mr. Charles Barnard, and the many workers in this good field; attracting the attention of the public and of the press; stirring up conservative school boards, and creating an excitement among the people generally.

Think of a lady's dress trimmed with canaries! Such an order was recently given to a London milliner by a woman of fashion. Well, it is better to carry canaries than to lug around a live lap dog. Dead canaries are better than living pups—as articles of decoration for a living woman.

Many a pleasant excursion might be made by young fellows who are not rich, if they were simply to lay aside the money usually spent in cigars, candy, the circus, the cheap theater, and other useless and injurious gratifications.

Suppose a boy were to lay up his pennies and make a purchase now and then of an acre or so of ground out in Kansas and elsewhere in the West. Five dollars will buy an acre of good ground. Five acres a year will make a good farm in a few years.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Sweden.

(Area, 170,979 sq. miles; population, 4,603,595; ruler, King Oscar II.)

SWEDEN, the most extensive and populous of the three Scandinavian countries, lies between Norway and the Baltic Sea. Stretching almost north and south, it is subject to great differences of climate, and it is only in the southern portions that the fruits of temperate regions are successfully cultivated. Unlike Norway, Sweden is nearly level, sloping gently from the sea to the mountains on the western boundary. Nearly one half of the land area is forest-covered. Wood is the staple fuel, and lumber is one of the chief exports. The mines of iron, zinc, and copper have made Swedish metals noted for their excellence. Agriculture engages the greater number of the people, but the products generally do not suffice for home use. Oats, however, are largely exported to Great Britain. The merchant marine is large, consisting of 4,200 vessels, and the navy numbers about 150 ships. There are 4,000 miles of railroads and the large lakes of the south are connected by a system of canals. The Lutheran religion is almost the only one in the kingdom. Education is compulsory; common schools are free, and there are two universities. Stockholm, the capital, has a population of 194,469. The other towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants are Göteborg, Malmö, and Norrköping.

The early history of Sweden is like that of the other Scandinavian countries, a confusion of myths and traditions in which gods and chieftains figure side by side. In the ninth century the nation became consolidated, and about 200 years later Christianity was introduced, bringing with it a degree of civilization which gradually put an end to the marauding expeditions which had made the Northmen known and feared in western Europe. In 1397 the Union of Calmar joined the three Scandinavian countries under the crown of Denmark. Sweden was not contented with this arrangement and broke away after a time. Another attempt of the Danes to assert their supremacy was defeated by Gustavus Vasa (1523), who roused his countrymen to maintain their independence. Under the kings of the House of Vasa Sweden rose to a position of great military and commercial importance. The reformation was adopted in this country in 1527, and when the German Protestants were hard pressed during the Thirty Years' War they turned for aid to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden (1611–32), the greatest general of his time. Sweden was then recognized as one of the Great Powers of Europe, and was supreme east and west of the Baltic, but the rise of Russia forced her down. Charles XII. of Sweden (1697–1718), a ruler of uncommon ability, was defeated by Peter the Great of Russia and deprived of much of his valuable possessions. Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, was chosen crown prince in 1810. He was a good soldier and a prudent ruler, and his course in the war secured due recognition from the Vienna Congress (1815), which added Norway to the Swedish dominions. The Norwegians were opposed to a union, and each of the countries retained its legislature and separate government, the union being represented only in the person of the sovereign. The king has large executive powers, but the laws are made by a national parliament composed of two houses, the First Chamber being elected for nine years and the Second for three.

NEAR Poltava, in 1709, was fought that memorable battle in which Charles XII. of Sweden and Peter the Great of Russia brought their long duel to a climax. It was here, after nine years spent in marching from victory to victory over the face of northeastern Europe, and winning and losing kingdoms, and after enduring unheard-of hardships with his troops during a winter of exceptional rigor, that Charles staked his whole fortunes and reputation, the lives of his soldiers and the safety of his native country, on the issue of one desperate and decisive fight. He was far from his own Sweden, in the heart of the enemy's country; but he had on his side the prestige of his great name and the devotion and hitherto invincible valor of his soldiers. . . .

With their king, who had been wounded a day or two previous, carried in front of them in a litter, the Swedes swept on the Russian lines in the early morning in an irresistible charge. The Russian cavalry were scattered, but under the voice of their Czar they reformed and checked the Swedish advance. The infantry coming up pressed the enemy in turn, while Prince Menchikoff, piercing in between the Swedish army and Poltava, and annihilating their reserves on his way, cut Charles's force in two. The battle became a rout. Charles himself fled for his life, leaving his artillery, baggage, and military chest, with six thousand wounded in the hands of the Russians, and nine thousand of the finest troops that ever followed a commander dead on the field of battle. The wreck of the army collected beyond the Dnieper, again to dissolve, and the hero of Narva disappeared into inglorious exile. Sweden, the dangerous rival of Russia for centuries, was never again a formidable enemy; and Poltava, as Peter wrote, laid firmly the foundation stone of the new capital on the banks of the Neva.—*From The Russian Empire, by John Geddes.*

Mr. Gladstone's Great Speech.

MR. GLADSTONE laid his Irish proposals before the English House of Commons on the eighth of April in a speech of unusual power. The circumstances which have produced the present situation may be briefly stated. Since 1801 Ireland has been ruled by the English Parliament under the arrangement known as the Union. During all this time the internal condition of Ireland has been unsatisfactory, and the Irish representatives have laid upon the system of government the responsibility for all the disorders. Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator of 1840–44, directed all his eloquence to the repeal of the Union and failed. A succession of subsequent leaders has besieged the Imperial Parliament for an Irish Parliament or for Home Rule. Under Mr. Parnell the Irish party has steadily increased in numbers and has pursued a course which hindered the transaction of any business in the House of Commons. The result of the last elections (1885) placed the balance of power in the hands of the Parnellites. Lord Salisbury and the Conservatives controlled the government, and when Parliament met the Queen's speech outlined their policy. Their answer to the Irish demand for Home Rule was coercion; that is, if Ireland was not at peace under the present laws the laws should be made more severe, and their supremacy should be maintained, if necessary, by the bayonet. The Liberals and the Irish members defeated the government on the first vote. Lord Salisbury retired, and Mr. Gladstone for the third time became Premier. He made no secret of his determination to restore order in Ireland by granting the Irish demand. His cabinet was formed with this understanding, and at the outset he encountered opposition. Lord Hartington and other prominent Liberals declined the seats which were offered them, refusing to countenance a Home-Rule administration. But a cabinet was formed, and the Premier set to work to arrange the details of the government bill. Its provisions were kept from the newspapers, but their announcement in cabinet meeting led to the secession of Messrs. Chamberlain and Trevelyan. Their places were filled, and the measures were discussed and brought into shape.

Mr. Gladstone announced that he would present his measure in two parts. The first, to establish a better government in Ireland, on the 8th, and the second to reform the Irish land laws on the 15th, of April. The new Parliament buildings had never before witnessed such a scene as took place within their walls on Thursday, the 8th of April, when Mr. Gladstone arose at 4:30 in the afternoon to move a bill "to make provision for the future government of Ireland." The Irish members came at dawn and secured the best seats, where they could add the united volume of their voices to the applause. Every member was in his seat, the galleries were densely crowded, and the Premier had made his way to the buildings through streets and squares of cheering people. The speaker began in husky tones which did not reach the ears of the nearest reporters, but as he progressed his voice cleared and thrilled in organ notes through the great hall.

In the opening sentences of the speech the orator referred to the difficulty of the task before him, while affirming that the approval of the measure which he was to propose would free the English government from obstruction, restore happiness and peace in Ireland, and above all establish harmonious relations between Great Britain and Ireland.

The years of political and social trouble in Ireland pointed to some fundamental defect. It was this: That while the English ruled England, and the Scotch laws were enforced in Scotland, Ireland had been made to feel her subjection to a foreign power. The difficulty of the situation was to reconcile separate legislatures with the unity of the empire. Yet Norway and Sweden and Austria-Hungary were distant yet united. The fault of the present system was that the Irish felt themselves to be under English rulers. The government had therefore decided to establish a Parliament in Dublin. Three classes must be considered in this new Parliament—the landlords, the police, and the Protestant minority.

The Irish Parliament was to control Irish domestic affairs, and Ireland was to have no representation in the British Parliament. The latter body was to control the question of duties and internal revenue, but Irish duties would be expended for Ireland. Other taxes were to be levied and expended by the Dublin legislature. The Irish Parliament would have nothing to do with crown affairs, with the armed forces, with foreign relations. It could not establish a national religion nor alter the coinage.

The new Parliament would consist of two orders sitting and deliberating together, but voting separately whenever either body so desired, each order having a limited veto upon the action of the other. The first order would be composed of 103 members, the present Irish peers (28) and 75 representatives chosen for ten years by the wealthier people. The second order would consist of 206 members elected by voters possessing property valued at $125.

The Queen retained the power of appointing the viceroy, and a Roman Catholic would be eligible to the office. The police would remain

under their present authority, and the judges would be appointed by the Irish government.

Ireland was to contribute one fifteenth (estimated at $16,000,000) to the annual imperial expenses. He relied upon the patriotism of the Irish, who he believed were not only devoted to Ireland but firmly attached to the interests of the empire.

He spoke for three hours and a half, closing with these words:

I ask that we shall practice as we have very often preached, and that in our own case we should be firm and fearless in applying the doctrines we have often inculcated on others—that the concession of local self-government is not the way to sap and impair, but to strengthen and consolidate unity. I ask that we should learn to rely less on mere written stipulations, and more on those better stipulations written on the heart and mind of man. I ask that we should apply to Ireland the happy experience we have gained in England and Scotland, where a course of generations has now taught us, not as a dream or a theory, but as a matter of practice and of life, that the best and surest foundation we can find to build on is the foundation afforded by the affections and convictions and will of man, and that it is thus, by the decree of the Almighty, that far more than by any other method we may be enabled to secure at once the social happiness, the power, and the permanence of the empire.

Pronunciation.

Bĕr'nā'dotte' (-dŏt).	Nē'va.
Mal'mö.	Norr'kö-ping (-chö-).
Men'chi-koff.	Pol-tä'va.
Nar'va.	Stock'holm.

A Brief Survey.

The strike in the South-west which was reported at an end is still in progress. The committee of the Knights of Labor visited the officers of the railroad company in St. Louis, and were told that not more than half of the former workmen would be re-employed. This was considered unsatisfactory, and the order for the Knights to resume work was withdrawn. The company has hired non-union men and has resumed its freight traffic. One of its trains was attacked by a mob at Fort Worth in Texas, April 3, and several men on both sides were killed. Mobs have paraded in East St. Louis, where six persons were shot April 9. The strikers have issued an appeal "to the workmen of the world," asking them to unite to put down the "giant fiend, Jay Gould," to whom they attribute all their present misfortunes. ——Spring floods are reported in all sections of the country. A wash-out near Greenfield, Mass., threw a train of six cars 200 feet down an embankment April 7, killing ten and seriously wounding forty of the passengers.——A bill has passed the House of Representatives granting a pension of $8 per month to all persons who served in our army during the Mexican War, or to the surviving widows of such persons. The annual post-office appropriation bill has passed the House. The Senate approves the House bill, and a building will be erected in Washington for the Library of Congress. Senator Logan's measure increasing the regular army to a peace strength of 30,000 men was defeated April 7.——The President has appointed Caleb W. West, of Kentucky, to succeed Eli Murray as Governor of Utah Territory.—— At the General Conference of the Mormon Church held at Provo, U. T., April 7, a message was read from President John Taylor and Apostle George Cannon, who are hiding from the U. S. officials. They advised the Church to stand firm under their present "persecution," and declared that Mormonism was free from immorality of every sort.——Two extensive fires at La Crosse, Wis., destroyed property to the value of nearly $750,000.——The crater of Kilauea in the Sandwich Islands, the largest on the globe, has fallen in.——The Powers have agreed to the order of the Sultan appointing Prince Alexander of Bulgaria Ruler of Eastern Roumelia for five years. He claims the office for life, but will probably accept the decision of the Powers.——The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill authorizing the government to purchase the Polish estates in eastern Prussia and sell them out in small farms to German settlers.——The controversy about the Prussian anti-Catholic laws continues. Prince Bismarck showed a disposition to yield important points in return for clerical support in Parliament, but the Catholics will give up nothing, and it looks as if there will be no changes in the laws.——The French government has caused the arrest of several newspaper men for socialistic utterances.——Don Bernardo Soto has been unanimously elected President of the Central American republic of Costa Rica.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR YOUTH,

which we have been sending to you for upward of four months, has met with a

HEARTY WELCOME

on the part of those who have seen it, and has reached a circulation which, at this point in its history, is

HIGHLY GRATIFYING.

The paper has, however, been put at so low a price that it is necessary to have a very large circulation in order to make it a complete success.

In June we shall begin the publication of A NEW STORY BY ROSE TERRY COOKE, entitled "NO." The "New York Tribune" says, concerning MRS. COOKE:

"There is no cleverer painter of New England life and character. The wonderful accuracy with which MRS. COOKE has portrayed the Puritan aridity and frigidity ought to make her sketches classics when her fast-fading types have wholly departed."

The story entitled "NO," by MRS. COOKE, is one of the best she has written. It will appear in OUR YOUTH, beginning with the first number for June, which will be the first number of the second volume.

In order to introduce the paper more extensively into the homes of our people, we propose to send it to new subscribers from the date their names are received until the close of the second volume (November 27) for the sum of

FIFTY CENTS ONLY.

We feel confident that if OUR YOUTH shall be known and read for that length of time in these homes it will remain there as a permanent guest. We earnestly urge you to assist us in accomplishing this purpose.

Look at the **Different Departments** of the paper: the **Stories**, the **Useful Articles**, the **Editorials, Berean Homily, Oxford League, School at Home, Outside World**, etc., and judge for yourself whether this is not healthful diet for young minds. If you have friends whom you would like to have subscribe for OUR YOUTH, this offer will enable them to do so at a very small cost.

If there are among your acquaintances families in which there are young people who can be induced to read a paper of the character of OUR YOUTH, we will mail them

SPECIMEN COPIES

of the paper free of charge, if you will kindly forward to us their names and addresses. Please be particular in sending names to indicate whether they are sent as *subscribers* for the balance of the year (50 cents), or simply as recipients of specimen numbers. As the subscriptions will date from the time they are received, of course it will be for your interest to send in the names as soon as possible.

If, for any reason, it is impossible for you to make a thorough canvass personally, please

INTEREST SOME OTHER PERSON

who is thoroughly capable, and get him or her to make a direct personal canvass for subscriptions. Write for terms to canvassers. Perhaps your Sunday-school can be induced to subscribe for a number of copies for the older scholars. Quite a number of schools are doing this. We sincerely trust that you will assist us in our efforts to bring OUR YOUTH up to a circulation of **50,000 copies** in its first year. With the help of our subscribers it can be done, and we shall not be unmindful of the efforts of our friends to help us bring it to pass. Let this be the watch-word:

Pure Literature for Our Young People.

50,000 Circulation for "Our Youth."

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Visitor from out of town (addressing the school)—"In the year 1825, my dear young friends, several boys walked from Salem to Boston and back, a distance of thirty miles, to hear Daniel Webster speak. If there were no railroads or means of transportation to-day, would the boys of the present generation undertake such a journey, do you think?"

Small boy (after a long silence)—"No, sir."

Visitor—"Ah! and why?"

Small boy—"Because Mr. Webster is dead."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An English paper, speaking of the launch of a new vessel, says: "The christening ceremony was performed by Lady Campbell. Her tonnage is 1,810, and she can carry six guns."—*Ex.*

—A boy in Reading, aged seven years, "has a mania for fire, and seeks to burn up every thing he can lay his hands on." It is hoped he may be able to lay his hands on all the trashy juvenile weeklies printed in this country.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Attorney (examining witness)—"You say you saw the shots fired?"

Witness—"Yes, sir."

Attorney—"How near were you to the scene of the affray?"

Witness—"When the first shot was fired I was ten feet from the shooter."

Attorney—"Ten feet. Well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired."

Witness—"I didn't measure."

Attorney—"Speaking approximately, how far should you say?"

Witness—"Well, it approximated to half a mile."—*Tid-Bits.*

—A country rector complained to Dr. Routh that he had received only five pounds for preaching a sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" ejaculated the doctor. "Why I would not have preached that sermon for fifty!"—*Ex.*

—Kosciusko Murphy—"Do you know the man who drives that hack with the bay horses?"

Gilhooly—"Yes, I know him."

"Well, he started out from Austin when the train left the depot, and he got to San Antonio just as the train ran into the depot over there."

"He must have had a good team."

"No, he didn't have any team; he was on the train."—*Texas Siftings.*

—General Sherman has a good memory for faces, but is apt to forget names. He was walking along the street in Washington one day in company with a friend, when a man stopped him and smilingly asked after his health.

"I beg your pardon," said the general. "Your face is familiar, but I can't recall your name."

"I made your shirts," was the reply.

"O, why certainly! Recall you perfectly!" exclaimed the general.

"Colonel," turning to his companion, "let me introduce to you my old army friend, Major Shurz."—*Ex.*

—Ike Sloan was a farmer, like all other Vermonters, but wasn't exactly one of the type whose "critters" and vegetables always bring more money than other people's. On the contrary, if there was any difference between the price that he got for his products and the market rate, it was generally to his advantage. One day on his way back from the village he complained bitterly to the people with whom he gossiped along the road that the storekeeper had abused him most shamefully by giving him only nine cents a pound for his maple sugar. "But," said Sloan, with a chuckle, "I got even with him, for I put more'n two dozen bucketfuls of water into the sap before I b'iled it!"—*Boston Record.*

—We should think a shad would be pretty confident of a thing when it feels it in its bones.—*Puck.*

—It's the little things that tell, especially the little brothers and sisters.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"And, O! did I tell you about little Henry, grandma? He's got a bicycle!"

"Land alive! Well, don't get excited about it. Jest you put a big poultice of soap and sugar on it, and change it every morning, an' it'll be gone in three days. Your grandfather used to have 'em, every hayin' time, regular as June. They aint nothin'; they'll do him good."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A little urchin asked his mother a difficult question and got the answer, "I don't know."

"Well," said he, "I think mothers ought to know. They ought to be well educated or else have an encyclopedia."—*Boston Record.*

1860. THE WASHINGTON 1886.

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W. A. BREWER, JR., *Pres't*, WILLIAM HAXTUN, *Vice-Pres't*, CYRUS MUNN, *Ass't Sec.*,
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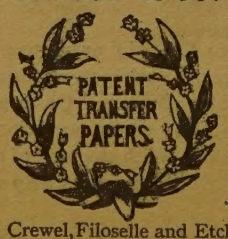

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